

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

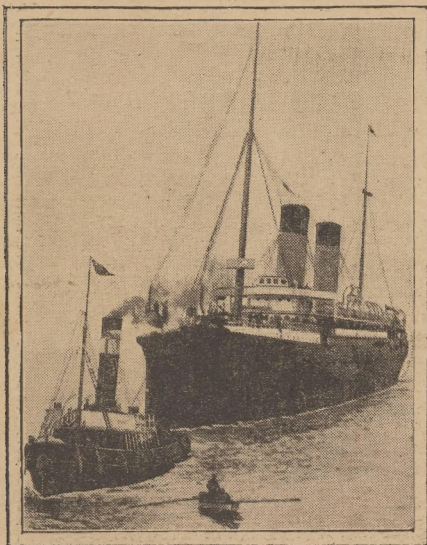
No. 464.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

CROWD OF CELEBRITIES REACH ENGLAND FROM AMERICA.



The Majestic arriving at the landing-stage at Liverpool from New York with a host of celebrities on board. Among others she carried Miss Kate Rörke, the Australian cricketers, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. William Gillette, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Booth-Tucker.



Mr. Rider Haggard, the celebrated novelist, who had been to Canada and the United States to investigate the agricultural settlements there for the British Government, photographed after he had landed from the Majestic. He is talking to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who had shown him over the Salvation Army emigrant settlements on the other side of the Atlantic, and accompanied him to England. The lady on the left of Mr. Rider Haggard is his daughter.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS BEING INTERVIEWED ON THE QUAY.



Members of the Australian cricket team, who travelled across the Pacific and the United States to England, walking across the quay from the Majestic. In the foreground can be seen two reporters, with their notebooks, questioning the cricketers.

ON THE SALVATION ARMY SHIP.



Mrs. Bramwell Booth unfurling the flag on the Vancouver. By her side is Commissioner Booth-Tucker. (For further photographs see page 8.)

Other Daily Bargains on page

ROJESTVENSKY STILL AT KAMRANH

His Fleet Does Not Venture
from Shelter.

TSAR AND ADMIRAL.

No Order Issued That He Should
Leave French Waters.

If all reports are true at the time they are first dispatched, it would appear that Rojestvensky's fleet emulates Boyle Roche's bird in being in two or more places at once.

Two days ago the world was positively assured that the Russian admiral had reluctantly departed, by order of the Tsar, from Kamranh Bay.

Next he was said to have sailed south to meet the Third Baltic Fleet, under command of Nebogoff, with the view of thereafter going full steam ahead to Vladivostok, while Togo lay ready to intercept his enemy in the narrow Straits of Korea.

Now the French cruiser Descartes reports from Saigon that it has just steamed round the Russians lying outside Kamranh Bay, presumably waiting for—instead of going south to seek—Nebogoff the needful.

The Russian fleet is described as making a sort of naval review—"an immense arc extending from Cape Varela to the head of the Kamranh Peninsula."

Simultaneously a telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Parisien" asserts that the Tsar never summarily ordered Rojestvensky to leave Kamranh Bay.

There is a striking story of Rojestvensky having found it necessary to hang eight of his sailors to quell a mutiny, which threatened his fleet when the news of the fall of Mukden reached the squadron.

STILL BY THE BAY.

SAIGON, Thursday.—All the transports employed by the Baltic fleet, and the hospital ship Orel, steamed out of the inner Kamranh Bay yesterday. Only four German ships remain there now.

Assembled outside Kamranh Bay, the ships form an immense arc extending from Cape Varela to the head of the Kamranh peninsula. Torpedo boats are darting about in all directions. The squadron seems to be awaiting the arrival of Admiral Nebogoff's ships.

The French cruiser Descartes, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral de Jonquieres, returned to Nha Trang after having extended from Cape Varela to the Russian fleet. The Descartes subsequently returned to Saigon.—Reuter.

KAMRANH BAY (via Saigon), Wednesday.—I went outside the Bay in a junk to-day, and could see the Baltic Fleet cruising about on the horizon.—Laffan.

ST. PETERSBURG'S JOY.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Journal's" St. Petersburg correspondent says it is confirmed in St. Petersburg that Admiral Rojestvensky has gone south to join the squadron under Nebogoff.

It is even stated that the junction has already been made, and, believing this, there is much jubilation, as it is confidently anticipated that the combined fleets will be victorious over the Japanese.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

In maritime circles at St. Petersburg, says the Central News, it is persistently asserted that Rojestvensky has effected a junction with Nebogoff.

EIGHT SAILORS HANGED.

It is rumoured that the mail from Madagascar, which has arrived at Marseilles, brings news to the effect that when the Mukden disaster became known, the effect upon the Russian sailors was so alarming that, in order to prevent open mutiny, no fewer than eight of the crew of one of the ships were executed by hanging, as a warning to the others.

Several officers also were reduced to the work of ordinary seamen.

LIVED AS A MAN.

French Baron Whom Death Proved To Be
a Woman.

PARIS, Thursday.—In the magnificent villa of Maresco, near the little town of Sori, where once the Princess Alice of Bourbon lived, has just died "Baron William Zeuk di Rednitz of Wurzburg," whom everyone believed to be a man, but who was really a woman.

The professor, as he was called at Sori, was engaged to be married under this name to a charming country girl, and the marriage ought, and would, have taken place at the end of this month, had not death intervened.

CASTRO'S TRUMP CARD

Venezuelan President Accuses Former
American Minister of Corruption.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—President Castro, of Venezuela, who for a long time has been an international nuisance and who has from time to time defied Germany, England, and the United States, is now entertaining his followers and the world at large with charges of corruption against Mr. Francis Loomis, the Assistant-Secretary of State at Washington, formerly United States Minister at Caracas.

Bluntly put, the accusation made by the comic Mr. Castro is that Mr. Loomis received a bribe of 10,000 dollars from the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company to coerce the Venezuelan Government into acceding to its demands for concessions. The charge has been published in the "New York Herald," and it has caused a sensation. It is not backed up by any evidence. A little authority is given to it by the statement that Mr. Bowen, present United States Minister at Caracas, believes it, having been persuaded of its truth by President Castro.

PRESIDENT CASTRO'S WEAPON.

It is even said that the original cheque for 10,000dol. given to Mr. Loomis by the Asphalt Company is in the possession of President Castro, who is using it as a weapon to compel the United States to be more lenient in its attitude towards his country.

While Mr. Loomis was Minister at Caracas he waved the Stars and Stripes with much fervour in championing the cause of the Asphalt Company, which appeared in the light of an American concern that was being robbed and oppressed by an irresponsible and unscrupulous South American Government. His attitude was so in harmony with the American temperament and wish to "make the eagle scream" that he became a national hero, and when Venezuela became too uncomfortable for him he returned to Washington and was made a member of the Administration. Since then he has tweaked the noses of various Presidents of other American Republics.

Mr. Loomis began life as a newspaper reporter and has an honourable record.

£2,000,000 GIFT.

Mr. Carnegie's Superb Allowance for the
Superannuation of College Professors.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—It is announced that Mr. Carnegie has made a gift of £2,000,000 to provide annuities for college professors unable to continue active work.

Professors in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland will be qualified to share in the income from this munificent gift.

The trustees of the fund are chiefly presidents of important universities and colleges.—Reuter.

GREAT FIRE AT SEA.

About 150 Chinese Perish with a Doomed
Steamer.

The steamer Yuen-wo (wires Lloyd's agent at Shanghai) was burnt to the water's edge, and totally lost by fire at Timingchow.

Full particulars have not yet been received, but it is feared there has been a serious loss of life—150 Chinese.

The Yuen-wo was a steel twin-screw steamer of 2,522 tons gross, built at Shanghai in 1893, and owned by the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company.

INTELLIGENT PIGMIES.

Famous Explorer's Description of a Pretty
Congo Maiden.

Referring to the pigmies which Colonel Harrison has brought to England from the Congo, a correspondent quotes many writers who refute the allegation that these curious people are morose and silent, and that their order of intelligence is only above that of animals.

The great Stanley described a female pigmy in these words:—

"The coppery face of the nut-brown little maid was eloquent with sympathy in the emotions of the male pigmy. Her eyes flashed joy, a subtle spirit glided over her features with the transition of lightning.

"There were the same tricks of by-play; the same doubts, the same hopes, the same curiosity, the same chilling fear were felt by the impressionable soul as she divined what feelings moved her kinsman.

"Withal she was the very picture of young modesty."

Petty-officer Gift was found hanging in the fore barrette of H.M.S. London at Portsmouth yesterday.

AGED ENCHANTRESS.

Murder Charge Against Woman of
Puzzling Fascination.

Did Franziska Klein murder her aged lover, Johann Sykora, or was the deed done by her husband, Heinrich Klein?

Vienna is deeply interested in this problem, which has now been for two days before the Viennese Criminal Court.

It is the personality of the female prisoner that has aroused this great interest, for the crime itself was a sordid one, committed by murderer or murderess for gain.

She is not beautiful, she is old, and suffers from defective hearing.

Yet she got into her toils as declared lovers many men who occupy prominent positions in Vienna. Her method was to advertise in newspapers that "a lady of personal charms and good position desired the post of housekeeper to an unmarried gentleman," and among those who fell into the trap she set was Sykora.

The old man became infatuated with her, and visited the house where she lived with her husband. Here he came by his death. His body was afterwards mutilated with a hatchet, and hidden. A lady that the assassins obtained was used to open his safe.

The woman Klein now declares that her husband was alone responsible for the deed. She asserts that he killed Sykora after a fruitless attempt to persuade her to do so.

But before the trial she made a confession that she committed the murder unaided.

Two remarkable poems written by Franziska Klein have been read in court. In one of these she asks her husband's forgiveness, and in another she tells a child of hers, alleged by the prosecution to have no real existence, never to marry.

KING AND QUEEN PART.

His Majesty Goes to France, and the
Queen to Greece.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Figaro" states that King Edward will not be accompanied to France by Queen Alexandra, who will continue her cruise in the Mediterranean, and will visit Greece.

His Majesty, on his arrival in Paris on Saturday evening, will be met by Sir Francis Bertie and by M. Loubet's representative.

It is reported that King Edward, during his brief stay in Paris, is likely to have an interview with M. Deleassé.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert will arrive at Marseilles to-morrow at 4 p.m., and the King's departure for Paris is fixed for Saturday morning at ten o'clock.

It is probable that Queen Alexandra will visit Marseilles on Saturday. The yacht will weigh anchor on Saturday night and proceed to Athens.—Reuter.

At Norwich Dog Show yesterday her Majesty Queen Alexandra won the first prize in the class for Borzois. The King took third prize in smooth fox terrier dogs.

KAISER IN BAD HEALTH.

Empress Anxious Because His Holiday Has
Not Benefited Him.

It is reported that the Kaiser's health has not benefited by his recent tour to the extent that was hoped and anticipated.

"His physicians," observes the "Continental Times," "again had to warn him of the absolute necessity of taking undisturbed rest."

"So far his holiday, while bringing a change of air, has proved nothing but a continuous round of fatiguing visits and ceremonies, and has done him no good whatever."

"The Empress is very uneasy regarding his condition."

NAVAL OFFICER AS M.C.

Lord Charles Bessford will hoist his flag on H.M.S. *Presidence* on May 1 as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet.

When the flagship sails towards the end of the month a lieutenant will be appointed as aide-de-camp to the Admiral to superintend social functions, the ordinary flag-lieutenant attending to the signal work.

TRAGIC DRAMA OF THE STREET.

There was a suggestion of the dramatic in the scene which was witnessed yesterday in Bridge-street, Swindon, when that thoroughfare was crowded.

A man, supposed to be a clerk called John Page, was seen to be having an altercation with his young wife.

Suddenly he drew a revolver and shot the woman and then turned the weapon on himself.

Both were removed to the hospital with only slender chances of recovery.

EVICION BATTLE ON AN ISLAND.

Two Hundred Policemen Landed
by a Ruse at Dawn.

FURIOUS FIGHTING.

An eviction battle that recalls the wildest scenes of the 'eighties was fought in the small hours of Wednesday morning on Dursey Island, off the coast of Co. Cork, sixteen miles from Castletown, Berhaven.

Late on Tuesday night the Government tug Stormcock set forth from Bantry with 200 policemen and a resident magistrate, bent on the eviction from his small holding on the island of one Daniel Healy, who owed four years' rent, at £9 15s. a year, and kept four cows. It was known that the thirty families on the island would unite in opposition.

But a landing actually took place at half-past four in the morning, before the defenders were aware of the arrival of the tug, at a point which can only be approached in the calmest weather. Thirty men proceeded thence overland to the main landing-place, which had been "fortified," and covered the landing of the remainder.

Men, women, and children joined in hurling stones at the invaders, and very soon a general mêlée began. Presently the police drew their batons, some even fixing bayonets. But the unarmed islanders grappled with them, and it is amazing, says the "Irish Independent," that no lives were sacrificed.

FORCED INTO THE SEA.

One Dursey man jumped into the sea, being hard pressed; another had his hand gashed by a bayonet from palm to wrist; a third was badly hurt in the head with a baton.

It was ten o'clock when the eviction party advanced to Healy's house. Resistance had been quelled, and the sheriff's men stripped the house to the bare walls.

Mr. Gilhooly, M.P., and Father Barton, P.P., tried in vain to effect a settlement. Four more tenants were served with notices to quit, and thirty policemen remained on the island in tents.

The owner of Dursey is Mr. Egerton Leigh Wile, and a van of effectual force is under to purchase it by the Congested Districts Board, Mr. White declining the terms offered. It is only a quarter of a mile from the mainland, and is about three miles long by two wide. The inhabitants live partly by fishing. It has no church, chapel, priest, minister, post-office, or public-house.

DEAD MAN'S PLUNDER.

Vault Discovery Clears Up the Mystery of a
Great Swindle.

By the discovery of the body of Edward Schlesinger in a vault in Ostend, part of the huge plunder by the famous swindle known as the "520 per Cent. Miller Syndicate" has been traced.

Cash and securities to the value of £40,000 had been removed from a safe deposit in Brussels by his relations, and since Schlesinger died from the United States in 1899 the affair has puzzled his many victims and the American police.

Now the case will be brought up again, when the dead man's brother and mother will be summoned to show cause why the money was not returned.

CLUBBED BY BURGLARS.

Four Desperados First Attack and Then Fire
a Large Canadian Bank.

A most desperate encounter has just taken place at the town of Lancaster, fifty miles west of Montreal.

Four burglars forced their way into the Merchants' Bank and found the teller, a man called Metzke, asleep.

They proceeded to attack the slumbering man with clubs, but he reached his revolver and wounded one of the miscreants.

The men then set fire to the building and fled, leaving their comrades to perish in the flames.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

News reached the Queen-Mother of Holland yesterday of the death of her sixteen-year-old niece, Princess Emma Benheim and Steinfurt.

It was announced yesterday that the French Automobile Club will hold its annual great race for motor-boats this year between Boulogne and Folkestone.

Government economy has greatly aggravated the unemployment trouble in Cape Town, where a large number of clerks and tradesmen are out of work.

Captured and held prisoner by Moorish tribesmen whilst on his way to Marakesh, the Marquis de Segonzac, the French explorer, has now been released.

HEIRESS MARRIES A CHAUFFEUR.

Culmination of a Singular Romance
of the Car.

PARENT'S OPPOSITION.

St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, yesterday saw the happy ending of one of the most remarkable romances London has known for many a year.

It was, of course, a wedding. The bride was Miss Sarah Francis Lilian Baldock, the only daughter of Mr. Edward Holmes Baldock, of Grosvenor-place, and an heiress in her own right, and the bridegroom was Mr. Cyril Durnall Bishop, at one time a chauffeur in the service of the bride's father.

The romance, which culminated yesterday, dates back several months. It was considerably over twelve months ago, according to one who knows this interesting love story, that young Cyril Bishop first met Miss Baldock.

Tall and Handsome.

He was her father's chauffeur, tall, handsome, pleasing in appearance, and very courteous always. The story runs that Miss Baldock wished to learn

At first the young chauffeur did but love and reverence from afar.

But the lessons in motoring and in love progressed rapidly, and finally overleapt the bounds of merely worldly wealth and position.

Then came terrible times. Banishment for the ardent young chauffeur followed. A awful and dire were the penalties threatened by Mr. Baldock if the two young people disobeyed his commands never to see each other, never to write a single loving message.

But love after all triumphed. For some weeks now it has been known that yesterday's marriage was to take place.

It was impossible, the *Daily Mirror* learns, to disinherit Mr. Baldock, even had his father wished to do so, for her money, many thousands of pounds, is in her own right.

But it was a stormy path leading to the altar, and even there fears were not entirely set at rest.

All Went Well.

But all went well, as it happened. Just before ten o'clock Mr. Bishop and his brother, Mr. Arthur Bishop, drove up to the church.

Presently two other gentlemen followed. They were Mr. Rider, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the bride's solicitor, and Mr. Duerdin Dutton, the bridegroom's legal adviser.

A minute or two later three stalwart policemen, escorted by a couple of detectives, marched through the church gates and took up their position in the porch.

Then, as the clock was striking, a brougham, drawn by a pair of horses, drove rapidly up. The bridegroom, silk hat in hand, jumped forward and opened the carriage door. Out stepped Miss Baldock, just a little pale, wearing an ordinary morning dress, and followed by her aunt, Miss Bibby, of Charles-street, Mayfair.

The Rev. H. Clarke, one of the curates, was awaiting them, and immediately the service was commenced.

In a few minutes all was over. In the vestry the register was filled in and signed. There was a little handshaking, a few whispered words of congratulation, and Mr. and Mrs. Bishop drove off for Waterloo in time to catch a fast train to Bournemouth, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Thrashing Incident.

The *Daily Mirror* last night interviewed Mr. Bishop's brother, who is a well-known estate agent at Southall.

He said: "Ever since my brother left Mr. Baldock's employment friends of the family have done their best to part my brother and the lady he has just married."

"On one occasion, at Brentford, the attentions of the friends were so persistent that my brother and a few of his friends gave them a sound thrashing."

"Nothing would persuade him to give her up, and she was equally faithful to him, writing at least four or five letters a day."

"She was told that he was married and had a family, both statements being, of course, untrue."

"My brother is a very clever engineer, and will now be free to make his way in his profession."

"I understand that to-day a large sum of money was settled on my brother by his wife."

EARL AS BRIDEGROOM.

The Earl of Malmesbury was married to the Hon. Dorothy Cathpole, at St. Mary's Church, Eltham, Hants, yesterday.

Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Donoughmore, was married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation, to Captain Francis Douglas Farquhar, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards. Captain Farquhar, who served in South Africa in 1899 and 1900, and in the Chinese Regiment of Infantry, is a grandson of the first Viscount Hampden.

NELSON TEA SCANDAL.

Gross Profits of a Million and a
Quarter in Three Years.

There could be no more scathing indictment of the financial conduct of the huge business familiarly known all over the country as "Nelson Tea" than the summary of the statement of affairs, with comments, just issued by Mr. Brougham, the Senior Official Receiver.

He plainly states, indeed, that further inquiry is desirable, and he intends to report the facts to the Court and to apply for the public examination of the accounts.

While the rights of customers became less secure, he says, the company's proportion of profits increased, and these profits were paid away by the directors without providing for future liability to pensioners and customers.

In the maze of figures of which the accounts consist the following facts stand forth most prominently:—

The expenses of carrying on the business of Nelson and Company, Limited, apart from payment of pensions, from January, 1902, was £519,633, which included £120,076 for dividends.

Pensions paid to widows in this period amounted to £603,681.

The gross profit of carrying on the business is returned at £1,276,661. From this amount all the above expenditure would have to be met.

Nominal surplus of assets is £45,891, the liabilities being put at £5,671 13s. only.

Total issued and paid-up capital was £100,505.

LOVER'S ALL-NIGHT RAVINGS.

Fickle Irishman Pays £50 Damages for Breach
of Promise.

"Best love to May, and tell her I shall not court her again, as I raved all night. I shall see you to-morrow morning before seven, before I go."

This letter, written by the defendant, who, according to counsel, had "emerged from the first flush of youth," figured in a breach of promise action at Belfast yesterday.

Two months after the death of his wife, Mr. John Rochford, a district councillor, according to Miss Mary Annie Doyle, proposed to her.

He denied the proposal, but admitted kissing her nearly every time he saw her.

"KISSING PROHIBITED."

Girl Who Was Saluted by Her Lover in a
Ladies' Club Resigns.

"To kiss or not to kiss"—the question has finally been decided. The young lady whose blissful enjoyment of her lover's kiss was so suddenly interrupted at a well-known ladies' club, as related in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has handed in her resignation in accordance with the expressed wish of the committee.

In future members of the club will have to understand that "kissing is strictly prohibited." It is understood, however, that women members of the club may kiss one another in its precincts, and that women members may even embrace their sons and grandsons in the building.

"I am reminded," said a member of the club, "of what happened to a well-known American caricaturist who sent to 'St. Nicholas,' the children's paper, a little illustrated joke concerning the love affairs of two street arabs."

"Dear Mr. Woolf," wrote Mrs. Maples Dodge, the editor, "I cannot admit in the pages of my paper any joke in which the word 'love' appears."

The caricaturist, by the next post, received a second letter:—"Dear Mr. Woolf, I should, of course, have excepted 'mothers' love.'"

ACTIVE "PASSIVE RESISTERS."

All kinds of property, from silver trowels to gold rings, were bought in at the first sale of passive resisters' goods at High Wycombe yesterday by Alderman Deacon, acting for himself and sixteen others.

A man who bid against the resisters was nearly "ducked" in a stream, and had to seek refuge at the police-station.

MODEL FOR PARLIAMENTS.

A remarkable vestry meeting yesterday at Shuttleworth, near Ramsbottom, only lasted five minutes.

It took place at the vestry door at 8 a.m. in pouring rain. Mr. Moore was appointed people's warden; the vicar said: "I recognize my niece, Miss Frances Stringer, as my warden"; Mr. Moore began to return thanks; the vicar interrupted him, and declared the meeting closed.

Two thousand hives, with many stocks of bees, were destroyed at a fire at the Welwyn Beehive Works, near Hertford. The damage is estimated at £7,000.

STAGE ASPIRANTS.

Amusing Performances by a Band
of Gifted Amateurs.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

There were sixty-two turns at the Holloway Empire yesterday. It was the great trial mainfœ for English provincial artists fresh to London.

For five hours a packed house cheered itself hoarse and rocked with laughter. Sometimes the cheering was a trifle ironical, and the laughter not wholly complimentary. But the people got good value for their money.

There is no denying the fact that the sixty-two turns provided as funny a show in London as has been seen for many a day.

A few items stand out as being conspicuously good. Of these Arthur Croson, an excellent comedian, and the Mimosa Trio of dancers were offered contracts by the Moss Empires, Limited, which they thoroughly deserved.

A Good Investment.

One song-and-dance trio would be a good investment for any manager from the purely laughter-provoking point of view—no inconsiderable matter in these stressful days.

The orchestra and the dancers got out of step; either the music was too fast for the bodies or the dancers got far in advance of the band.

Nothing daunted, the musicians vigorously pursued the latter, but by the time they once more got alongside the pace was too fast for either dancers or orchestra.

The audience laughed loud and long after the curtain had fallen.

The performance of the Mimosa Trio, who danced in gorgeous blue dresses, to the accompaniment of limelight effects, was bright, crisp, and thoroughly excellent. It was the very irony of fate that the poor lady who followed should have been garbed in modest grey, gifted with a possibly sweet, but inaudible, voice, and unable, apparently, to dispose of her hands properly.

Lady's Dilemma.

For several minutes she stood in silence while the hoarse shouting and appreciation of the cruelly humorous contrast, and at last the distressed lady, who, it was understood, was endeavouring to recite, retired without having made her voice heard.

Two good turns followed—one a lady contortionist, who tied herself into the most marvellous combination of knots, and the other a singing quartette of quite unusual excellence.

But, on the whole, it was clear that if English provincial artists are treated by London managers with stony silence, the managers are not the worst friends they have.

BOILING WATER TORTURE.

Runaway Railway Wagons Piled Up in a
Giant Bonfire.

During shunting operations at the Lancashire and Yorkshire goods station at Manchester yesterday twenty-nine coal wagons ran down an incline and crashed into a stationary locomotive, which was thrown off the line.

Jammed between the engine and the wreckage of the wagon, Thomas Bealey, the driver, could not be released for some minutes, and suffered tortments through a leakage of boiling water, which slowly trickled over his body. He was taken to the infirmary in a state of collapse.

By a curious coincidence, while a goods train was being shunted on the longest and steepest incline on the same railway, near Accrington, fourteen wagons broke away and rushed down at a terrific speed two miles to Accrington Station.

A pointsman smartly diverted them on to a loop line, where they left the metals and were piled up in a heap, which immediately burst into a blaze, owing to some carboys of vitriol in one of the wagons exploding. The permanent way was considerably damaged.

DUKE AS SPONSOR.

The Duke of Westminster is taking a great interest in his estate in the Orange River Colony.

Some time ago he promised to act as godfather to the first boy born on the property, and this honour has fallen upon a child of a Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.

AN AMAZING DRAUGHT.

A remarkable case of a victim to sleeping draughts was investigated at yesterday's inquest on Edmund Fowler, aged thirty-two, a Birmingham visitor to Bath.

It was stated that Fowler, who was a chronic invalid, committed suicide by taking fourteen doses representing 300 grains of chloral, 600 grains of opium, and three-quarters of a bottle of whiskey.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

BRITISH GUN SCARE.

Denial That Our Naval Guns Are
Dangerously Inefficient.

Sensational statements with regard to one type of 12in. guns used by the Navy were made by the writer of an article published in yesterday's *Daily Graphic*.

Basing his calculations, apparently, on the ordinary gun practice each year, this writer concluded that the 12in. guns would not be capable of firing fifty full charges.

This statement, however, was promptly met by an authoritative denial from the Admiralty. As a matter of fact, one of the guns of the type attacked has already fired 162 rounds.

A well-known naval expert, consulted by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, characterised the article as both misleading and grossly alarmist.

Big guns, it is well known, wear out, but the statement that warships whose guns are worn would turn tail is characteristic of the whole tone of the article.

That is just what they would not do; they would go on firing the guns, although their efficiency would certainly be impaired.

The writer further asserts that shell burst in seven out of the sixteen big guns of the same type used by the Japanese on August 10.

FIRING-LINE DANGERS.

Fisherman Struck by Ricochet of Bullet During
Practice off Sheerness.

Whilst fishing from the smack Matilda, off Sheerness, yesterday, George Gibson, of Leigh, Essex, was suddenly struck by a one-inch bullet.

The missile entered his right thigh, and is believed to have been a spent shot fired from the land batteries during practice by Royal Artillerymen.

Gibson's companion in the boat attracted the attention of H.M. gunboat Bustard, the surgeon of which attended to the fisherman's injury.

Removed ashore, Gibson now lies in the Royal Naval Hospital in a serious condition.

The shot ricocheted over the water at least half a mile outside the firing zone.

HORSELESS CAVALRY.

Royal Horse Guards Inspected at Windsor by
"B.P."—Shortage of Mounts.

Major-General Baden-Powell yesterday morning, in Windsor Great Park, put the Royal Horse Guards through some very stiff work, his inspection lasting from nine till past noon.

Several men came to grief at one or other of the four big jumps, but none were hurt, and the fine cavalry horses carried their heavy weight splendidly.

General Baden-Powell appeared to be highly pleased with the display. The Horse Guards were never more efficient, says our Windsor correspondent.

It is unfortunate that there are only 275 horses for 600 men. This is said to be no unusual thing in most British cavalry regiments.

BOY'S RACE WITH THE MAILS.

Planting of a Seed that Travelled Thousands
of Miles.

More than a hundred District Messenger boys watched the Duchess of Albany plant a seed of the Californian date-palm fern yesterday in the grounds of Ruxley Lodge, Claygate, the home of Lord and Lady Foley.

The seed was one of six given to James Elsey, one of the messengers, who at half an hour's notice proceeded to California with a letter, and brought back a reply in twenty-eight days, thus beating the mails.

"Our messengers," said the manager of the company to the *Daily Mirror*, "are ready to go anywhere and do anything at a minute's notice. One was sent to Paris recently with £700 in notes, another was employed to wheel a baby about all day, while a third piloted a donkey from Charing Cross Station to Slough."

CHURCHWARDEN FOR 63rd TIME.

Mr. Edward Wells was yesterday elected parish churchwarden for St. Mary's, Wallingford, for the sixty-third time.

Mr. Wells, who is high steward of the borough, was at one time its representative in Parliament in the Conservative interest.

BLIND MAN'S WALK.

James O'Neill, the blind pedestrian, of Cambsburg, who is groping his way from John o' Groat's to Land's End at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, is now in the neighbourhood of Dornoch. He is under no time limit.

Guy's Hospital has just benefited by the gift of £5,000, sent by "A friend, as a thank offering, and in the hope that it may encourage others to help the hospital funds."

FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. Young Follows Her Husband
to California.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

In the preceding chapters we have told something of the extraordinary life-story of Nan Patterson, the American "Floradora" girl, who is being tried in New York for the murder of "Cesar" Young, a bookmaker.

In 1902 Nan Patterson, while playing in San Francisco, attracted a young Californian rancher. After leading him on she finally refused to marry him, and the unfortunate fellow committed suicide. The following day Nan left for a holiday at Los Angeles, and while on the journey met "Cesar" Young, who invited her to go to the races at Los Angeles with him.

Young was much with some friends of the girl's reputation, but took no heed. Gradually he fell under the influence of her beauty, and before she returned to San Francisco he was completely in her power.

In magnificently furnished apartments. For a year Young recklessly squandered money over the girl. Then he grew tired of the city, and they returned to Los Angeles. But Nan Patterson's influence over him was waning, and gradually he returned to his old interests. The girl made a supreme effort to regain his devotion, but failed.

CHAPTER VI.

The Triumph of Love.

Nan Patterson knew then that her hold over "Cesar" Young was gone. Nevertheless she did not entirely despair of his returning to her again.

"I will leave him alone for a while," she thought, and accordingly made no effort to restrain him when day after day he left her to go to the races, or to visit his ranching friends.

But the girl's calculations were upset by one thing. "Cesar" Young was by no means a bad man, and as he tired of Nan Patterson, a flood of remorse came. With it, too, came a great longing for his wife, the woman he had wronged so terribly, and who had never ceased to love her husband and to hope for his return to her.

As time passed his remorse grew keener. And then suddenly the end came.

After long hours in the hot Californian sun at a race meeting Young returned to the hotel one evening to find that a visitor had inquired for him.

"Who was it?" he asked the bureau clerk. "It was a lady," replied the man, "but she would give no name." She had gone to another hotel, he added, which he named.

Young's heart beat fast. Without a thought for the girl waiting for him he left the hotel immediately. Within twenty minutes he was in the presence of his wife.

Not a Word of Reproach.

Remorse was in his heart, shame in his face, as he stood before her. With a wonderful instinct Mrs. Young made no attempt to reproach him. She spoke very quietly. "Frank," she said, "something seemed to tell me that you would be glad to see me. It was not easy for me to come here, but if you are glad I came my own feelings do not matter."

Young bent his head. He could not speak for a moment. Then, his voice broken and trembling, he made his apology to the wife who loved him so well.

"I can never atone," he said slowly, "for all the wrong I have done you. I do not dare ask you to have me as your husband again. Let me go away, and"—he lifted his head and his voice rang clear—"I swear no other woman shall ever tempt me again."

Mrs. Young's eyes glistened with tears, which ran slowly down her cheeks. She took his hand and lifted her face to his.

"Kiss me, dear," she whispered, "and never leave me again." The hour she had waited for so patiently had come. The humility of love had conquered.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Young left Los Angeles for New York. "Cesar" Young briefly told Nan Patterson that he was going away. He made provision for her, but declared that he did not wish to see her again.

"I knew it," she cried; "you are tired of me, and you throw me aside." And she made no attempt to win the man back.

"Never Again To Meet."

Contempt flashed in her eyes for a moment. Then there came a change. "You will let me see you sometimes?" she pleaded. "I will never be in the way." "No," he said. It was the end.

For some weeks "Cesar" Young saw nothing of Nan Patterson. Then by chance they met one night in New York.

The old footing could never be established again, but the man felt remorse for his conduct and pity for the girl.

"I will see you sometimes," he said; "but, understand, you must never trouble my wife in any way."

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Twelve miles long and over two in breadth, the Isle of Raasay, opposite Skye, is for sale. It has an area of twenty-eight square miles.

Thirty lambs were killed by dogs in one night in a field at Crewkerne (Somerset). Five others were so seriously injured that they had to be destroyed.

Because two of his fingers had become so stiff that he was unable to play the oboe, John Dunn, formerly an Army bandmaster, committed suicide at Battersea.

Given an ordinary, hard-boiled, coloured egg as an Easter gift, a Stokesley (Yorks) lad was surprised on breaking it to find a small shirt button (pearl) inside the yolk.

Forgetfulness on the part of a bridegroom caused the postponement of a wedding at Wakefield for a whole day. On reaching the church the gentleman discovered he had left the necessary certificate at Burnley.

Admiral Sir Hugo Pearson, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, yesterday laid the foundation stone of the new church at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. Accommodation is to be provided for a thousand worshippers.

Caister's whale has been disintegrated. It came ashore on the Norfolk coast in 1900 and was buried on the beach. Now the scour of the sea has uncovered the carcass, which is still oily enough to be objectionable. It is to be re-interred.

In a field at Southport a little boy named Banner was tossed by a bull five times. The child was wearing a red Tam o' Shanter, the colour of which attracted and enraged the animal. With the assistance of a companion the boy managed to escape.

When given the alternative of signing the pledge or going to prison, a Shipley boatman charged with drunkenness at Bingley promptly chose the latter.

A settlement has been arrived at in the Belfast tramway strike, and the five hundred men affected resumed work yesterday. Their demands have been acceded to by the masters.

Chest problems appealed so strongly to a Manchester lad that he cut several out of a paper in one of the free libraries in that town. Haled before the committee he was let off with a warning.

Blackbirds have chosen a strange nesting-place at Bury. They have made their quarters among the coal in a railway track on a siding at the Northgate Station, and are now hatching four eggs.

Blackrod (Lancs.) Coalpit, near Horwich, will be closed at the end of June, and 200 men and boys will be thrown out of employment. The management say that the mine cannot be worked at a profit.

Known as the "Walking Parson," the Rev. A. N. Cooper, vicar of Filey, sails for Esbjerg next week. Thence he will walk across Denmark to Copenhagen, about 450 miles, which he expects to cover in three weeks.

Dashing down a steep thoroughfare at Malpas, Cheshire, a runaway steam-lorry finally crashed into an hotel and became immovably entangled in the masonry. The boiler-tubes burst, and the driver narrowly escaped being scalded.

In a case at Newcastle in which a boy was charged with breaking thirty "fairy lamps" in the Leazes Park, the mayor said that nearly 12,000 of these little illuminants had been stolen from the corporation grounds within the last twelve years.

ANCIENT HOUSE THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION.



Much indignation has been aroused in Winchester by a proposal to demolish the old Cheesehall Rectory, which is believed to be the oldest house in the town. It has been proposed that the house should be bought for the nation, and preserved as a relic of ancient times.

Tower Station, on the Inner Circle, is now no more. Platforms, points, and signals have all been removed during the last few days.

There are 574 King's Bench actions for the Easter sittings, which open on Tuesday next. For the same term last year the number was 548.

"He is ruled by the moon," said a woman at the Hull Police Court in referring to her husband, with whom, she alleged, it was not safe to live at times.

Archbishop Bourne has received the sum of £2,000 from an anonymous donor for the purpose of building the new Roman Catholic church at Lower Edmonton.

Members of the public as well as students will be allowed the use of the astronomical observatory which the Leeds University authorities are building at the College-road approach to Woodhouse Moor.

Regiments forming the York garrison are giving a well-organised military tournament in that city. Wrestling on horseback between teams of six Hussars is an interesting feature.

On behalf of the Government the Board of Works are to take over and enclose as national relics the ruins of the Edwardian walls of Berwick-on-Tweed, including the ancient bell-tower.

Tramcars in preference to the conventional brougham were used by a bridal party and guests at Blackpool. They travelled from Cleveleys to Christ Church in three large Fleetwood cars.

Novel use is to be found for the tramcar sheds of the St. Helens and District Tramways Company on June 3. They are to serve as an assembly hall on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's meeting on that date.

Ju-jitsu, the Japanese method of wrestling, is becoming popular. A suspicious character caught in a Manchester hotel was overcome by this means.

Taking the law into his own hands, a watchman named Plant at Lord Dudley's Bell End Colliery chastised a man whom he caught stealing coal. At Rowley Regis Plant was fined for assault.

Lively scenes were witnessed at the vestry meeting held at Newport, near Hull. High words were reached, and the vicar gave chase to a parishioner who had seized a list of rules.

"I don't want to prosecute him. I just want ten minutes with him in the yard outside," said a man who gave evidence at Manchester against a defendant who had threatened him.

Due deference was paid to the last wish of the chief inspector of water-mains at Rochdale, and his body was conveyed to the graveside upon a hose tender drawn by a pair of black horses.

Facetic burglars, after ransacking a house in Innes-street, Middlesbrough, left the following note:—"Call for the rest on Wednesday next.—Yours truly, Charles Peace and Dick Turpin."

One reason why official returns show an increasing human consumption of horse-meat all over France is said to be, according to the "Meat Trades Journal," that French doctors are recommending it as a diet for convalescents.

As a protest against the refusal of the Bingley (Yorks) Council to erect a lamp in the road leading to her house, Miss Annie Preston, of Eldwick, declined to pay her district rates. She said she was obliged to show visitors over the rough road with a lantern when it was dark. Her action promises to have the desired result.

CROWDED WITH CELEBRITIES.

Extraordinary Number of Distinguished Passengers on an Atlantic Liner.

TO-DAY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

Has any steamship ever carried such a crowd of celebrated people across the Atlantic as that which the Majestic has just brought to England?

As everyone knows, the Majestic bore the much discussed Australian team of cricketers, whose names are just now on nearly every man's tongue. Mr. Rider Haggard, author of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," was also on board returning from America after having examined the opportunities for colonists in Canada and the United States on behalf of the British Government. With him came Commissioner Booth-Tucker, prominent among the leaders of the Salvation Army, who had been conducting the novelist over the Salvation Army settlements in California, Colorado, and

HOST OF STAGE FAVOURITES.

The stage was most strongly represented. Mr. Forbes Robertson came to complete arrangements for his appearance as Hamlet at the new Scala Theatre, recently built in Tottenham Court-road, and among his companions were Mr. William Gillette, the creator of Sherlock Holmes for the stage, and Miss Kate Rorke, one of our popular leading ladies.

A few minutes after this distinguished crowd of passengers landed on the quay at Liverpool the Vancouver, the liner specially chartered by the Salvation Army to convey 1,000 emigrants to Canada, took her departure. Mrs. Bramwell Booth unfurled the flag at the ship's masthead, and by her side during that ceremony stood Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who but a few minutes before had landed from the Majestic.

PREPARING FOR THE OPERA SEASON.

Our photograph on page 8 shows the many strange properties necessary for the presentation of the great Wagner music drama being prepared for the season, which opens on May 1. Few people have any idea of the great mechanical difficulties to be overcome before this series of operas can be given. In "Das Rheingold" the Rhine maidens are supposed to swim about in the waters of the river, and to sue the illusion effective the singers are swung round a stage rock in a steel framework behind a curtain of gauze that gives the effect of water.

THE CITY.

General Nervousness Over Franco-German Politics—Consols Drooping—No Business in Rails.

CAPL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Politics got on the nerves of the markets to-day, and so Stock Exchange developments were unsatisfactory. Business could not well have been blacker, and market men did not want other odds for their backs. But they got one in the shape of a newspaper outbreak in Paris against Germany over the Morocco question. It led to considerable selling in the earlier part of the day from both Paris and Berlin. Consequently markets were depressed all round, and general nervousness, and even though Paris showed a little more heart at one time in the afternoon, there was very little cause for satisfaction and the close was heavy and rather nervous.

In the Consol market the tendency was depressed, partly on the Paris sales of Consols, and partly on the approach of the monthly settlement. Consols themselves dropped to 90½, and other gilt-edged stocks suffered accordingly.

Easter Traffics Quite Failed.

Home Rails are enjoying no business whatever. Easter traffics have quite failed, the dealers say, to stimulate excitement, and, if anybody comes into the market for a rail, it is nearly always a speculator. Consequently it did not require much pressure to-day to put Brighton "A" down 23 to 25, and this upset things generally. Great Eastern, South-Western, and London and South-Eastern lost a full point. There was general depression. Yesterday's disappointing Steel Trust earnings were followed up in the American market by the news of a further break in wheat prices and a bad Norfolk dividend. The blows are falling thick and fast in this group, and so it is scarcely to be wondered at that prices fell also all along the line. The weakness became pronounced when Wall Street opened. Louisvilles fell 3 points. Unions were flat.

With Americans declining, Canadian Rails sympathised and closed heavy and three points down. The Argentine Railway market dealers were also looking gloomy, when, to their astonishment, there appeared a broker making a few casual inquiries about buying £50,000 of Cordoba Central Income stock. The disclosure of a buyer was so startling that the market quite steadied all round, declines being slight, and so holders of Argentine Rails have not so much cause for regret in to-day's business.

Nervousness Over Morocco.

There was the call due on Japanese new scrip to-day, and that and the approach of the special settlement next week to the naval uncertainties caused a decline in the premium. Foreigners were all flat at first, owing to the nervousness shown by the bourses over the Morocco question. In the last hour there was a rally. Copper shares were affected by the metal uncertainties.

In spite of the dismal surroundings, there was buying of Hudson's Bays, which took the price up nearly to 73. The Americans were buying them. The Ivanhoe and the Golden Horseshoe companies held their meetings to-day, but there was no development worth speaking of.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1905

"WARS BY MOTHERS HATED."

IF ever there could be a case in which the women of a nation ought, as a body, to force their opinion to the front, it would be the case of Russia at this moment. And if the counsel of the Countess Tolstoy, wife of the famous novelist, is listened to, the War Party in the Tsar's Government will shortly have a new element to deal with.

In the letter from the Countess, which the "Times" has published, she makes an earnest appeal to the mothers of all classes in Russia to "revolt against those slaughters which have so rent our hearts."

What cruelty can be greater (she asks in burning words) than that of leaving hundreds of thousands of children and aged people without fathers and sons, foodless, unclothed, dying from want; than that of compelling to suffer hundreds of thousands of weeping mothers, wives, fathers, and children, many dying or becoming ill through grief?

Some imagine that the people are regarding war and death with wisdom and equanimity. This is not correct. I am living in the country. I have seen a son of my own off to the war. I have experienced and seen these partings with heartrending grief, and never have I witnessed aught else than tears, sorrow, and condemnation of the cause for which the men were being sent away.

The Countess Tolstoy merely confirms what many others have told us—that the war is hateful to the mass of the Russian nation. It is only being continued by an obstinate Tsar and his insensate advisers.

What new folly or crime they may be planning now we cannot tell. It is scarcely credible that they can really have resolved upon a general massacre of all the more intelligent classes in St. Petersburg, as the leading Russian finance paper declares. But this is clear—that they still fail to realise the growing hatred of them and their works among all classes of the community—especially amongst women, upon whose shoulders the knout of desolation and poverty falls with its most crushing force.

MOTORS AND MARRIAGE.

The marriage yesterday in London of a young woman of good family and great possessions to a motor-car driver who had formerly been in her father's service forms a curious pendant to the case of Mr. Carnegie's niece, who has just married a coachman in America.

And we are inclined to say that Mr. Carnegie's comment on the one case is equally applicable to the other. What the millionaire said was that he would rather see a girl married to a worthy man in any station of life than to a "worthless duke." Also he declared that he would always judge a man as he found him, and, if he were "clean-cut and decent," would have no objection to his society.

There is far too much hard-and-fast division into classes in this country. It is one result of our having been asleep from 1850 till a few years ago. Our view of life is furrowed with convention, blurred with slumber.

Why should not a motor-car driver be a fit husband for a young woman of birth and riches? He must be a skilled engineer. He knows far more than most young men of birth and riches, while his manners and morals are probably quite as good, if not better. Unprejudiced people who have an acquaintance both amongst "young men of the period" and motor-car drivers will agree, we fancy, in regarding many of the latter as more desirable specimens of humanity, and more desirable company, too.

If a coachman or a motor-car driver has succeeded in winning the love of a well-bred young woman, there is every reason to assume that he is fit to marry her. Even if he is not all that one could desire, then she is only sinking to her own proper level, after all.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

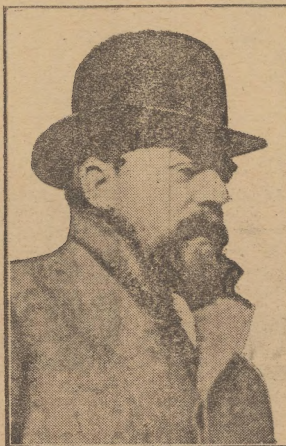
Our great anxiety against sin lies in being shocked at it.—J. H. Newman.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR FRANCIS BERTIE, our Ambassador in Paris, will have a busy time during the next few days. It will be his duty to see that all goes well during King Edward's stay there, and he will certainly perform it with his usual discretion. Discretion is Sir Francis's great quality. He has never been known to say a word more, on any official matter, than was absolutely necessary. At a banquet given a few months ago, soon after his arrival in Paris, his health was enthusiastically drunk. Everyone expected him to make a speech, to declare his policy, perhaps to "give himself away." But he only bowed politely and remained silent.

One of King Edward's most intimate friends, Lord Howe, celebrates his forty-fourth birthday to-day. He has held the office of Lord-in-Waiting both to Queen Victoria and, for nearly three years, to the King; and his wife, a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, is also a great favourite with the Royal Family. More than once the King has been to visit Lord and Lady Howe at their seat, Gopsall Hall, in Buckinghamshire. This place was built at a cost of £100,000 by a wealthy Birmingham merchant about a century and a half ago. The

OUR LEADING PORTRAIT PAINTER.



Mr. Sargent's work will be eagerly looked for at the Royal Academy Private View to-day; according to report, it will be pronounced very fine.—("Collier's Weekly.")

merchant, a Mr. Jennings, died without issue, and by his will left the house to his grand-nephew, the Hon. Penn Curzon, an ancestor of Lord Howe's.

This will has been disputed over and over again. Any number of eloquent lawyers have been nourished on the cases arising about Gopsall Hall. Sheafs of documents, enveloped in miles of red tape, have been discussed in connection with it, and it is said that this succession of cases has led to the idea of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce in "Bleak House." Lord Howe, by the way, when he was Lord Curzon, acted as private secretary to his famous brother-in-law, Lord Randolph Churchill. I remember that he used to have rather a trying time in that capacity, and was for ever hovering about the House of Commons trying to explain away Lord Randolph's extravagances to people whom that "free-lance" politician had offended.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who has just been attacked by smallpox, is, with the exception of the King of Spain, the youngest of reigning European sovereigns. He was born in 1862, and is now an unusually tall, and, in spite of his baldness, quite a good-looking young man. He is very like his father, who died in 1897 under mysterious and tragic circumstances. The father was, indeed, a very pathetic figure. Towards the end of his life he suffered from every known, and some unknown, forms of heart, liver, and lung disorders.

One day, while staying at his villa not far from Berlin, the Grand Duke was overcome by a kind of stifling oppression and informed those who were in the room with him that he intended to take a stroll in the garden. The air might do him good. He remained outside for a long time, and his attendant, becoming anxious, went out to look for him. He was discovered, with a broken spine, lying in the road which ran below the high wall of the villa garden. Whether he had fainted and fallen over, or actually put an end to himself, was never clearly known.

A marvellous genius for deceiving this simpton of a world appears to belong to the entire Humbert family. Here is M. Frédéric Humbert, the husband of the "incomparable Thérèse" who has been caught exhibiting pictures signed by himself and painted by others. In a sense, it is a disappoint-

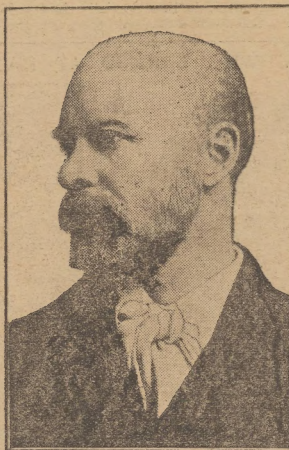
ment to discover that M. Humbert is a knave instead of being the effaced person of vaguely artistic habits, which he appeared to be at the famous trial. During the trial M. Humbert would sit, hollow-cheeked and listless, watching his wife as she exclaimed upon the phantom Crawford's.

It was understood that the poor fellow thus cruelly dishonoured had painted a good deal. He was also a poet, and several dainty volumes, which he had himself illustrated, were exhibited as rarities in the shop windows. Moreover, he wrote music, and dedicated a pretty piece to the piano to a famous painter whom he admired. On the whole, it would have made a more original and striking picture of family life if Humbert had been, after all, poet, painter, and musician. It was tactless of him to reveal himself thus as being a much less inventive fraud than his wife.

Lord Gwydyr, who entered his ninety-sixth year yesterday, has the honour of being the oldest English peer, a veritable ancient of days, who is one of the most interesting figures in the House of Lords. He was born in 1810, and can just remember the day when the news of the defeat of "Boney" at Waterloo reached England. He is one of the few men alive who have attended four Coronations: He went in a barge down the old-fashioned Thames to see George IV. crowned in the Abbey. He also attended the Coronations of William IV., of Queen Victoria, and of King Edward VII.

On the whole, one of these coronations which amused him most was that of George IV. He sat with his aunt, Lady Elphinstone, a famous beauty of that distant time, in a gallery at Westminster Hall, where a banquet was held after the Coronation. These two had had nothing to eat during the long

A GREAT LANDSCAPE PAINTER.



Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., has for a year or two past done the finest landscape work which has been shown at Burlington House. To-day's Private View is expected to reveal fresh evidence of his genius. (Elliott and Fry.)

service and were exceedingly hungry. They saw a relative, Lord Prudhoe, enjoying a hearty meal in the hall below, and signalled to him to throw them up something. Immediately Lord Prudhoe wrapped some chicken-legs in a bit of paper, and sent them hurtling through the astonished air of the banquetting hall into the gallery, where they were eagerly devoured by the famished boy and his aunt!

Portrait-painting has certainly to be ranked with the money-making professions nowadays. It is most remarkable that the late Mr. Robert Brough should have left as much as £9,000, for he was young, and had only worked really hard for quite a few years. He started, moreover, with not the smallest advantages of birth. What he made he made entirely for himself. The fact is, indeed, that, in spite of photography, there is a perfect craze amongst the rich for painted portraits just at present. It gives one a sense of the final consecration of one's position to see one's family, nicely framed, looking down from the walls of one's dining-room.

If the painter happen to be a fashionable one, too, how gratifying to see an eager crowd examining one's features at the Academy, discussing the form of one's nose, or the value of one's diamonds! An artist of my acquaintance, who began by being a painter of woods and fairs and little imaginary scenes, tells me that he made nothing a year by these. They remained in his studio, and his rich friends looked at them and said: "How nice!" and "What a pretty frame!" and passed on. So he, too, took to portraits, and is now a man of means.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MARY JANE AS A WIFE.

In my experience domestic servants make quite the best kind of wives for poor men.

They have more "homely" ways than girls who have been earning their living in the world outside the home. They make their husbands comfortable and manage their little houses well on very small incomes.

In fact, they are almost the only kind of poor women who are really qualified to be married at all. A COUNTRY VICAR.

SHOULD BOYS FIGHT?

If any boy of mine—and I have four—refused to fight another boy he would not relish the matter coming to my ears. But I do not dread it happening, for from their earliest days they have been taught that cowardice is the greatest sin.

It is so, for almost all other sins are the outcome of cowardice. I never yet knew a really brave man—mentally brave as well as physically brave—who did a mean action, and I have never met a coward who could be trusted in anything. Fort William, N.B. SIDNEY L. WILSON.

WHY RECRUITS ARE SCARCE.

It is no wonder that recruiting is still slack. It is very hard indeed for discharged soldiers to find work. The State will do so scarcely anything to get employment for them.

It is not sufficiently known that from 20 to 30 per cent. of the habits of our casual wards and work-houses are reservists and pensioners, who lead a dreadful tramping life from year to year without hope of obtaining permanent employment.

England stands alone among European nations for callousness and bad treatment of her ex-soldiers. ON THE STAFF.

UNBECOMING PUBLICITY.

I cannot help feeling that the display of corset and underclothing advertisements in public places—on street and station boardings, and in railway trains—is a sign of the degradation of public manners.

I am sure our fathers and mothers would not have tolerated this unveiling of the secrets of the dressing-room. AN OLD LADY. Eaton-place, S.W.

RUDENESS ON L.C.C. TRAMCARS.

As an almost daily traveller by the L.C.C. trams, I feel bound to protest against the unjustifiable aspersions cast upon the conductors by "Observer."

I have often been deeply impressed with their invariable courtesy under the most aggravating circumstances.

A striking proof of their gallantry to the weaker sex came under my personal notice during the last dense fog, a conductor leaving his platform and piloting a highly nervous woman across Kenning-road. EDITH S. JENKINS. Broomwood-road, Clapham Common, S.W.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. John Sargent, R.A.

TO-DAY, when people crush to the private view of the Royal Academy, the question which will be heard everywhere is "Have you seen the Sargent?" The first thing everyone wants to see is Mr. Sargent's pictures, for one of them is almost always the picture of the year. Those who have seen it at his studio declare that his portrait of the Countess of Warwick is the finest he has ever painted.

No one can compete with him. He stands quite alone in his art. His work is in a separate class. He himself is an American—in some things most American, in others most un-American.

It is from his blood of the New World that he gets his originality, but it is his life in the Old World that has taught him to avoid eccentricity.

Nor is his dislike of publicity an American characteristic. It is only during the last few years that he has been persuaded to come out of his shell and been seen about. But with strangers he is still shy and reserved, though with his friends the silence and reserve vanish, showing him as a brilliant and witty talker, well read and deeply thoughtful.

A man of big frame, he finds physical exercise necessary for health, and is a keen cyclist. He has tried other forms of exercise, but without conspicuous success. Under the guidance of Mr. Edwin Abbey, R.A.—who, by the way, has no picture at the Academy this year—he has tried cricket, lawn-tennis, and hunting, and even croquet, but has always returned to his bicycle.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 27.—The beauty of an old-fashioned garden in the heyday of spring is truly wonderful. Flowers, young and gay, are here, there, and everywhere.

Primroses now flood the garden with a yellow fire. Wild spots are bright with honesty—white, pink, and crimson. Grape hyacinths reflect the bluest of skies.

Late narcissi, nearly all charmingly scented, are in bloom. Cowslips, polyanthus, auriculas, shed rainbow hues abroad. Loveliest of all, perhaps, are the gorgeous anemones rising from their feathery, green foliage.

Summer will bring statelier and richer flowers, but the April garden will not be forgotten even in June. E. F. T.



NEWS BY CAMERAS

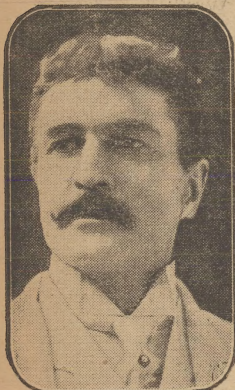


SALVATION ARMY EMIGRANTS LEAVING LIVERPOOL.



Good-bye to old England. The scene on the Vancouver, the liner specially chartered by the Salvation Army, as she left the quay at Liverpool laden with a thousand emigrants for Canada.

THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES WHO LANDED AT LIVERPOOL.



Mr. William Gillette, the American actor, who plays Sherlock Holmes.



Miss Kate Rorke. — (Photographs by Ellis and Walery.)



Mr. Forbes Robertson, who will shortly revive "Hamlet" at the new Scala Theatre.

PREPARING FOR THE OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



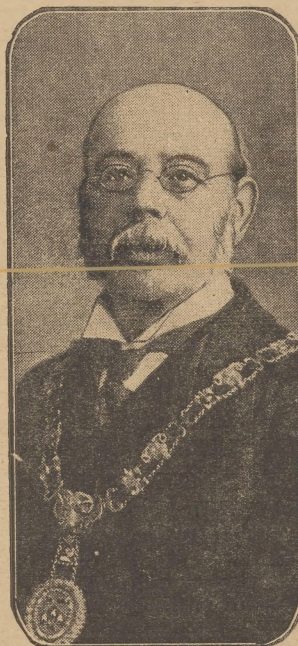
Behind the scenes at Covent Garden Theatre—getting the properties, among which are a boat, a dragon, an apparatus which enables the Rheingold maidens to "swim" about the stage, some armour, and a searchlight, ready for the Wagner operas, which commence on May 1.

CROWD ON EPSOM RACECOURSE BEFORE



Despite the rain, which continued to fall steadily at Epsom from the beginning, attendance gathered at Epsom to see the race for the City and Suburban. The course and hill just before the race.

PREMIUM ON BABIES.



Alderman B. Broadbent, the Mayor of Huddersfield, offered £1 reward for every baby born during his mayoralty and eventually reared to the age of twelve months. The corporation are following this by taking steps to reduce infant mortality.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD



Destitute children rescued by the Salvation Army on a farm in the United States.

PICTURES OF EVENTS

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN—OWNER OF THE WINNER.



of the afternoon's racing, a fair average photograph shows the crowd on race-



Sir J. Miller, the owner of Pharisee, the winning horse, and G. Blackwell, the New-market trainer who prepared it for the race.

ND SALVATION ARMY HOMES.



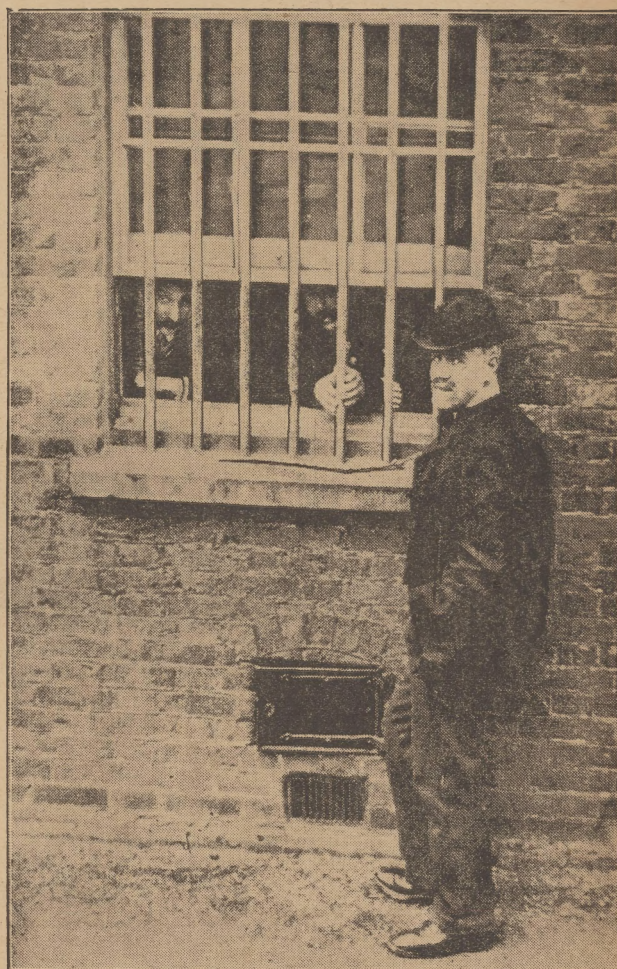
ation Army and gaining health and strength. Under Haggard has visited and reported favour- my settlements across the Atlantic.

HORSE FAIR IN LINCOLN.



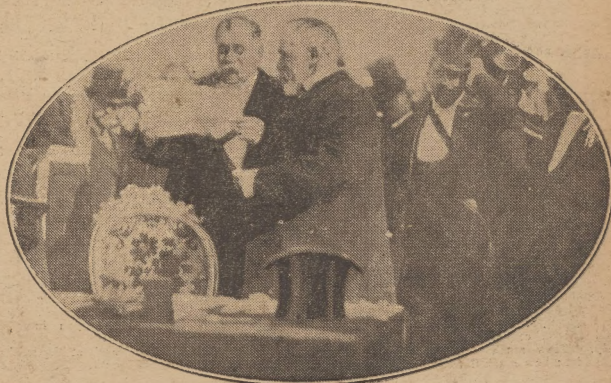
That Lincoln is once more showing signs of activity after the depression caused by the recent epidemic, is proved by this photograph, which, taken from the Cornhill, High-street, Lincoln, shows an animated scene at the well-known horse fair.

TRUNK TRAGEDY—PRISONER BEHIND BARS.



Arthur Devereux was brought up at Harlesden Police Court yesterday, charged with the murder of his wife and two children. Our photograph shows the accused, who is on the left of the picture, looking out through the bars of the Kensal Rise Police Station window just before he appeared in court.

PRESIDENT LOUBET UNVEILS A GAMBETTA STATUE.



President Loubet, who is on the right of the photograph, listening to the address read prior to his unveiling the Léon Gambetta statue at Bordeaux.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

"For the cards, a horse, or a woman, will be bringing that man to me!"

CHAPTER I.

"Pater!"

"Hello, Lyn dear, is that you? Come and have a look at King Daffodil."

Lyndal Maybrick jumped from the saddle, and giving a pat and a kiss to the soft nose of the smart little hack she had been riding, picked up her feet—discussing the neatest and smoothest of boots— and ran the direction of the rough, yet kindly voice that had called to her from the stables.

"Sir Tatton is coming to see you, pater, I think," she said, as she greeted her guardian, Joe Marvis, the well-known trainer. "I passed him riding across the downs."

"Good, I am glad he's coming; I've something to tell him, something he'll be glad to hear."

"About King Daffodil?"

The trainer nodded.

"Look at him!" he exclaimed. "Ever seen such a picture; we're going to win the Derby this year, Lyn. It's a cert! But not a word. Run away and see if breakfast is ready; maybe Sir Tatton would like a cup of coffee."

Lyndal Maybrick nodded, and after a word and a nod to King Daffodil—which attentions the three-year-old accepted with well-bred indifference—ran across a stretch of lawn into the rose-covered house.

Lyndal Maybrick was an orphan; old Joe Marvis, her uncle and guardian, a bachelor. Ever since the age of sixteen she had kept house for him; now she was only nineteen, a child in heart, a woman in brain.

To look at, a typical English girl, a type unfortunately rare.

Beautiful as one of her guardian's well-bred hens. A beautiful figure, slim like a gazelle. Ever Chestnut hair the sun had kissed. Eyes bluer than the English seas, and a mouth like a red rose coming to blossom.

Artistic, womanly, yet a splendid sportswoman.

"She was built for a saddle," old Marvis often said. "There don't exist a horse she couldn't ride, side-saddle or astride. It's a shame she was made a girl; with her seat and her hands and her weight she'd have made the finest little jockey under the sun."

And Marvis took no trouble to deny the tattle of the gossips who declared that they had heard that Mr. Marvis allowed his ward to ride the most valuable racehorses in their morning gallops over the downs.

"I'd rather trust 'em to her than to any boy I've ever clapped eyes on," the old man would declare, "unless it was Mr. Merrick; he's all right but he's a gentleman jockey, an amateur!"

Joe Marvis was a gentleman also, but he thought more of his horses' pedigree than his own; and an amateur gentleman jockey was to him a creature to be avoided, mistrusted, if possible, annihilated!

Still he confessed that Arthur Merrick could ride. "But it's my belief Lyn taught him all he knows," he always added when he made the above confession. "They were always playing about in the stables and paddocks when I was a boy."

He forgot that Merrick was six years Lyndal's senior. And he also forgot that two children—of certain ages—are never allowed to play about together for long without young Cupid taking a hand in the game.

"Mornin', Marvis," Sir Tatton Townley cried as he cantered up on his weight-carrying cob. "Thought I'd see you a surprise visit; don't generally find me out so early, eh? How are you and the horse?"

The trainer nodded his head slowly, winked at himself, and unlocked the famous three-year-old's box.

"Come and look at him, and when you've had a good look at him, I'll tell you something."

"Nothing wrong?"

Marvis dismissed the lads and, entering with Sir Tatton, shut the stable door.

"Now, Sir Tatton, I've taken upon myself to do something without consulting you; I got the chance, a chance that mayn't come again—of Pretty Mary as a bit of trial tackle."

Sir Tatton nodded; the fame of Pretty Mary was world-wide; a feminine equine marvel.

Marvis lowered his voice and laughed softly.

"Pretty Mary has run side-by-side with King Daffodil, and who do you think I put up on Pretty Mary?"

"Don't know—don't care! Tell me, d'you mean to say you tried—"

"Hush! Walls have ears, and not a lad here knows what happened. They didn't know 'twas Pretty Mary that Lyn was riding."

The trainer laughed aloud now.

"There were some who watched. One of Vogel's fellows I'll swear was watching—they're always watching me now—but when they saw a girl up on a nice-looking chestnut mare galloping with King Daffodil, why, they just shut up their glasses and walked off." Again he roared. "They only saw a girl on a strange mare beat King Daffodil with Major up over a mile and a half!"

"Of course, of course," said Sir Tatton nervously. "How much weight was Pretty Mary giving him; how much did she beat him by?"

Marvis repeated the question aloud; then he said softly.

"You haven't ever held Lyn in your arms, have you, Sir Tatton?"

Sir Tatton choked, blew his nose violently, and stared at Marvis.

"Not that I'm aware of—what the deuce are you driving at? Not that I should have any objection to—er—doing so—prettiest girl in the country, by gad."

"I wasn't thinking of her as a girl, but as weight, Sir Tatton."

He drew the baronet into an empty box and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"No," gasped Sir Tatton after some minutes had passed. "No—impossible!"

"I tell you there was no mistake; only Major and Lyn and myself were there."

"There must have been a mistake—by Jove, Marvis, if you're right—if my horse succeeded in—by Jove!"

"Hush! Say nothing; don't even think about it. There's just one thing—the jockey! Of course, Major wants to ride him, I think we ought to let him; he's a good lad, but it'll require some consideration."

Sir Tatton Townley's face grew serious.

"Promised, and you never even consulted me, Sir Tatton."

"I did mention it to you, Marvis, in the winter; since then the boy approached me and I promised him. I must keep my word."

"The boy? What boy? Whose boy? The trainer was trembling.

"Mr. Merrick—Arthur Merrick."

Joe Marvis sighed.

"A gentleman jockey; no amateur ever won the Derby yet—it's lying in the face of Providence. He can ride, I'll own; but the Derby—that corner!"

"I've promised Merrick," said Sir Tatton slowly. "I must keep my promise. You know why—Arthur is very dear to me, the son of my old sweet-heart, the boy who married my rival; but I love him for old associations' sake."

"Very good," sighed the trainer. "There's just one thing I beg you to insist on then; that Mr. Merrick comes and stays here and rides the horse in his gallops. He's a bit wild is Mr. Merrick, and I'll have to train him as well as the horse for the race. If I have him here, under my eye, so to speak, I shall feel comfortable."

Sir Tatton Townley laughed.

"Very well; I'll write and tell him."

He turned to the trainer and gripped his hand.

"If King Daffodil wins, Marvis, I'll—by Jove, I'll—give you anything you ask for. It's been the ambition of my life to marry the Derby!"

"And now come in and have some breakfast, Sir Tatton, it's only just gone nine."

"Thanks, I will," laughed the baronet. "I've been looking at the finest horse in England, now I'd like to look at the prettiest woman."

"Did you hear that, Lyn," cried the trainer, as he led the way into the little breakfast-room, a mass of oak and gleaming pewter, with big bunches of roses on the white table-cloth, and where a silver kettle steamed and gurgled welcome.

"I'm afraid Sir Tatton doesn't mean it," Lyndal murmured. "For he didn't even look at me this morning when I met him on the downs."

"Ah, you must forgive an old man," laughed the baronet. "Though if I failed to see you I certainly deserve to lose my sight. But I've just heard what you've been doing on the downs, at daybreak."

Lyn blushed as red as one of her roses on the table.

"He will be proud," she said unsteadily. And then, in a burst of frank, girlish delight, "Oh, I am glad; it will be glorious! How good of you to give him the mount, Sir Tatton."

Sir Tatton looked at Lyndal Maybrick and smiled; he saw what the man of horses failed to see.

"I think he'll be pleased when he knows what we know," he repeated. "You'd better write and tell him," he added kindly to Lyndal. "Such splendid news will gain an added sweetness if told by you."

"Oh, may I? I'd love to," she cried. "I'll write directly after breakfast. And am I to tell him that he is to come and stay here at once?"

"Immediately," grunted Marvis; "without a moment's delay. The sooner he and King Daffodil and I understand one another the better. By the way, there is he staying; d'you know, Sir Tatton?"

"I believe he's with the Vogels at Newmarket," Marvis swore under his breath.

"The worst place he could be staying at. I wouldn't trust Vogel an inch; he's made so much money that his morals will get drowned in it before long—if he has any morals."

"He fancies his own horse—The Devil—I believe?"

"The horse I feared—until yesterday morning. But The Devil won't have a chance now."

"The Devil always has a chance," said Sir Tatton, with a dry laugh. "But I think with Miss Lyn's help we'll beat him. So write and tell young Merrick at once—but tell him not to talk, for The Devil has long ears."

CHAPTER II.

"Well, what's everyone doing to-day?" cried Mr. B. S. Vogel, as the last guest struggled into the gorgeous breakfast-room of Hampton Croft.

"Sort of bridge and billiards day," laughed Dicky Boycott, laying down the "Sportsman," and strolling to the windows and staring across the garden at the driving rain.

"Beastly day. You seem very interested in your letters, Merrick; you haven't spoken a word since you sat down, and, by Jove! you haven't touched your breakfast yet."

"What, Merrick off his feed; he must be ill," cried the host.

Arthur Merrick folded up the letter he had been reading, put it quickly in his pocket while his pale boyish face flushed like a schoolgirl's.

"I've grown so fat since I've been here that I must positively start starving myself, or I shan't be able to ride anything," he said, forcing a laugh.

"Especially as I've got to get back to work at once."

"Work," chorused half-a-dozen. "Merrick calls riding work!"

"It's jolly hard work when your weight goes up, I can tell you; precious little food, precious little amusement, up at sunrise, to bed at sunset."

He sighed and looked at Dolores St. Merton as he rose from his seat.

"I'm afraid I shall have to be leaving to-morrow, Vogel."

"Oh, nonsense, we can't let you go in such a hurry; here, in a secluded corner beneath a magnificent palm that Arthur Merrick sat down to lit a cigar—My last for five weeks," he sighed—and re-read Lyndal Maybrick's letter.

It was a simple enough letter, written as from one friend to another. But the friendliness could not hide the love breathed in the pretty rounded words; and so that Lyndal Maybrick had confessed even to her own heart, the love that Merrick had never breathed.

He loved her, of course; he took it for granted that they loved one another without ever realising what their love meant, or should mean.

He had been brought up with Lyn—Lyn and old Joe Marvis's horse; but they were a part of his life. If he had been asked which he loved most—Lyn Maybrick or "his profession," he would have been unable to answer.

But now, for the first time in his life he found himself wondering how much he loved Lyndal.

He put the question away quickly; somehow it seemed a question that should never have been asked.

And yet—The rustle of a petticoat, the frou-frou of hidden silks and laces, the faint indescribable perfume that heralded the presence of that dangerous, mysterious toy—Dolores St. Merton.

And a dangerous, mysterious woman—Dolores St. Merton.

He loved her, of course; he took it for granted that they loved one another without ever realising what their love meant, or should mean.

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But now, for the first time in his life he found himself wondering how much he loved Lyndal.

Age uncertain; the age that irritates mothers with unmarried daughters and daughters with blighted hopes. An age that might be anything between twenty-three and thirty-three. Eyes big, brown, dreamy; with the innocence of a child and the wisdom of the ancients; lips that were twin children born of a kiss and a sigh; hair dark as moonless night, star-threaded. A figure, not perfect perhaps, but acceptable to the Olympian gods, cast after the mould of deities.

And a voice that charmed and pleaded, that wept and laughed with you.

Dolores St. Merton.

She started as she saw Arthur Merrick, and then laughed, shyly.

"That's too bad of you, Mr. Merrick, to have stolen the only lonely, secluded corner in all this big house. I came here to be alone; you've cheated me of a penitential morning's solitude."

"You want to be alone," Merrick cried, rising to his feet; "you want to do penance! Miss St. Merton, you're joking!"

"I'm not, I'm merely sad. That's why I wanted to be alone. Don't you think that a woman is ever sad, ever wishes for solitude?"

She spoke protestingly, the deep notes of her voice, of course, possessing.

"Yes, of course, women. But you—you are always so happy, in demand by everybody—"

"Everybody. Oh, if you only knew how—sometimes—I hate everybody!" She smiled sadly and shook her head. "You don't understand me a little bit, Mr. Merrick."

Arthur Merrick did not reply; he understood how better than women; he had a better acquaintance, too, with the former.

But he looked at Dolores St. Merton, and unconsciously sighed.

"You're depressed also?"

"Those big brown eyes fastened themselves on Merrick."

"Yes, a little." He sat down beside her. "Tell me why you're depressed."

"She shook her head and looked away.

"I don't quite know—the weather perhaps, or else because the house-party is going to break up."

"But it won't break up just because I'm going," Dolores said nothing. Her silence was eloquent; Arthur Merrick feared it—and feared breaking it, too.

It was dangerously pleasant.

"I shall feel horribly jealous of everyone when I leave to-morrow; somehow else will fill my place—"

"Why are you going?"

"I must go," Merrick replied, after a moment's hesitation.

"Forgive me for asking," Dolores said quickly. Of course, he felt he ought to tell her then it was as if he didn't trust her; as if—

"I've got to return home to work."

"You told me that you hadn't a home; I've been wasting such a lot of sympathy on you, Mr. Merrick."

Her voice was light, almost cheerful now.

"Well, it isn't really my home, you know; but when one hasn't a home one looks upon the place where one stays most often; and where people are kindest, as one's home." Old Joe Marvis is like a father to me, and—

"Yes?"

"Oh, Lyn—his ward you know—is like a—sister."

Arthur Merrick spoke the last few words awkwardly.

"How charming."

Silence ensued for some time. Dolores looked pensive; Merrick felt unhappy. Life had suddenly become complex, everything seemed topsy-turvy. He couldn't get the future into focus, try as he would.

Wherever he looked, however he looked, he saw Dolores St. Merton in the foreground. And the background was Turnersque!

"I wish I were not going to-morrow."

He spoke with more fervour than the simplicity of the remark seemed to warrant.

"Why?"

He drove straight to Valetta when he reached Plymouth, thinking it wisest to see Kitty at once. He was met at the gate by his aunt, and the expression upon Miss Maria's usually placid face alarmed him.

"What is it, Aunt Maria?" he cried. "What has happened?"

In a few disjointed sentences she told him. Kitty had met with a serious accident; the doctors hoped that she might pull through, but it was uncertain.

Kitty, it appeared, had been walking by the edge of the cliff, when a slight landslide occurred, and she had fallen. Luckily, her fall had been arrested about half-way down by a prominence of rock. Grant Malcolme, who had been at Valetta, and had walked out to meet the girl, was the first to discover what had happened. Alone and unaided, at the imminent peril of his own life, he had rescued her.

Such was the news which met Jack upon his return, news which made it absolutely impossible

(Continued on page 11.)

SOULS ADRIFT.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Jack Hallows returned to Devonshire that night after taking Cecilia back to the hotel and duly notifying the police of Robert Lidiard's death. Whether the artist's decease was due to suicide or to accident was a mystery which was never actually cleared up; the supposition was all in favour of accident, and such was the verdict returned at the subsequent inquest.

But for Jack and Cecilia the path was now clear. There need be no defying of the world's conventions; they could be quietly married in London before the day came for Jack's departure from England.

To this decision he arrived as the train bore him to his room at the Devonshire Hotel. Nothing remained to break the news to his father—and to Kitty, poor Kitty who loved him but would understand.

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(Continued on page 11.)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of

"The Shadow of Her Sin" and "A Coward's Marriage."

(Continued from page 10.)

"Because—because—I've had such a good time here—I shall miss you—awfully."

Dolores turned these wonderful wise and innocent eyes in his direction again.

"Will you really miss me? Why?"

It was a dangerous question; she realised that directly she had asked it. Yet—it would be interesting and refreshing to hear Arthur Merrick say, "I love you!"

Perhaps he didn't love her!

That thought stung Dolores like a whip. Perhaps she loved him?

"I shall miss you because—" he hesitated.

"Well?" she asked almost anxiously.

"Because we've been such awfully good friends. I've seen more of you than anyone else during my visit. You've been awfully kind to me."

"And yet you're running away without a moment's notice. I receive reason."

"There is a reason," he said quickly. "But I can't tell you."

"No one?"

"No one." As he repeated her words he looked at her, their eyes met, and he coloured and trembled.

The colour crept to Dolores's cheeks, too. She felt them glow, and she felt surprised.

"I will tell you," he said under his breath; "we are friends and I know I can trust you."

"Trust no one," she replied, but a smile of satisfaction lit her eyes.

"No one but you. Yes, I will tell you, it's such splendid news. I don't know why I didn't feel more pleased when I received reason."

"Do you think it wise to risk sharing it with me? You've only known me two weeks."

"Time is nothing; where sympathy and understanding exist between two people, I've only known you two weeks you say, but I'd sooner trust you than men I've known all my life. Those two weeks have been very beautiful—"

"Very pleasant."

"More than that—to me," he said quickly.

"Even if I do leave to-morrow we shall meet again."

She shook her head slowly.

"Yes, we must, we shall! Now listen, and I will tell you my news."

Arthur Merrick looked round to make sure that they were not observed or overheard. Then he drew a little closer to Dolores St. Merton, closer even than the occasion warranted.

"I am going to ride the winner of the Derby this year," he whispered. "The horse has been tried as a certainty, and I have been promised the mount."

Dolores nodded.

"I know the horse—I knew it was almost a certainty," she laughed. "I've backed it heavily already; it's got to pay my dressmaker—and other horrid bills. But I didn't know that Vogel had given you the mount."

"Vogel," Merrick interrupted, "The Devil is not going to win the Derby!"

"But it is; he told me so himself." She stopped short suddenly. "I ought not to have said that—no one knows yet."

Merrick smiled.

"The Devil won't win; King Daffodil will beat him hands down. He's been tried; it's the biggest certainty that's ever been known!" He lowered his voice and continued quickly, "You remember Pretty Mary's performances last year? Not a horse in England could come near her; she was tried two days ago with King Daffodil at level weights—she's a four-year-old, remember—and she only just beat him over a mile and a half."

Dolores did not speak for a long time; her face had grown very pale.

"There may have been some mistake," she faltered at length.

"Marv never makes mistakes," Merrick replied. "The dear old King will win the Derby. I shall ride him—ye gods, think of it," he cried impulsively; "it's the dream of my life, my greatest ambition!" He turned his face eagerly to hers.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

for him to tell the girl who loved him that he had vowed himself to another.

Perhaps good came from the evil of Kitty's accident. For Jack was glad to leave England without speaking, and by the time that the girl recovered—for thanks to the unflinching love and devotion of her friends she did recover—he was far away from her, and all that it was necessary to say at first was that his duty had called him abroad. The rest came afterwards, when her strength was fully restored to her, and when she was beginning to appreciate that the love which Jack had been unable to give her was freely offered by the man who had saved her from death, and who had but been silent because he knew that she had given her affection to his friend.

So the blow fell more lightly upon her, and the pale girl tried to smile upon her guardian and Miss Maria who had broken the news to her.

"And you shall share it with me. Why, what's the matter? You're pale, you're trembling."

He laid his hand on hers, she let it lie there. "Nothing—nothing's the matter." She forced a laugh. It seems too good to be true, that's all! And my poor dressmaker."

Again she laughed. A footstep sounded on the other side of the big paragon which they were sitting, and Dolores stopped Merrick with a warning gesture, and withdrew her hand from his, as Vogel, parting the broad leaves of the tree, came towards them.

"Hullo!" Was wondering where you young people had got to," he cried jovially. "Merrick, old Pastern is waiting to play you a game of billiards; he said you promised him his revenge for last night. You'll find him in the billiard-room."

Arthur Merrick was forced to take the hint. He rose, and, casting a swift look at Dolores—a look that said much—and asked something, too—he walked unwillingly away.

The look was not lost on Vogel. He waited until Merrick was out of sight, then he took the seat he had occupied beside Dolores St. Merton.

She did not speak, and he leered into her face. "You were listening, I suppose," she said cuttingly.

Vogel shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"An unpleasant way of asking how much I overheard, eh? Evidently you young friend was confiding a secret to you, or you would neither have asked nor have cared if I overheard, eh?"

He laughed quietly and rubbed his large, soft hands together.

Dolores rose to go, but he laid his hand on her arm and stopped her; a shiver of revulsion shook her.

"How much did you hear?" she whispered.

She was nervous, of her guard, or she would not have put the question.

"Just enough to feel interested."

"I can't help foolish boys falling in love with me," she said, forcing a laugh. "Why should you interfere?"

"Am I interfering?"

"You were spying," she said bitterly.

"Another ugly word! If you use ugly words to me I must use ugly words to you, dear lady. I've no objection to foolish boys falling in love with you, none whatever; I've been foolish myself—but I've always found you so wise!" He laughed again, and it was not a pleasant laugh. "I only want to warn you against falling in love; I fear lest your feelings carry you away and you forget that you have a husband."

All the colour left Dolores's face, left it as white as death.

"You are very fond of reminding me of that—when you want me to do anything unpleasant."

She edged further away from him; he noticed it and his little red eyes gleamed angrily.

"If it hadn't been for me your husband might be here to remind you himself; that wouldn't be pleasant, eh?"

"Having warned me perhaps you will leave me. I want to be alone," she said coldly.

"Have no fear for Mr. Merrick; he leaves to-morrow. I shan't see him again."

Again she tried to rise; again he stopped her.

"You might tell me before you go why he is leaving to-morrow."

"I—how should I know," she faltered.

"Because he told you," he told her. The contents of that letter he received this morning."

"He didn't."

She lied quickly, too quickly! As soon as she had spoken, she found herself wondering why she had taken the trouble to lie.

It was not her fault if Vogel had listened and overheard. Why should she care if Arthur Merrick's secret was discovered by Vogel?

"The greatest certainty that was ever known!" Vogel quoted jeeringly.

"What do you mean?" She tried to speak carelessly.

"You know what I mean!"

"I don't!"

Again she lied. Again she wondered why. Vogel was a dangerous man to play with.

"It is all for the best," she murmured. "We loved each other as brother and sister—and that isn't the right thing in marriage, is it? But I hope Jack and Cecilia will be very, very happy."

And not even Grant, her husband, ever knew that Kitty's love for Jack had been other than that of a sister for a brother.

It was not her fault if Vogel had terms with his father. The old admiral had taken his son's proposed marriage with Cecilia amiss.

The wedding took place in a quiet London church. There was no one present as friend of bride and bridegroom but Montague Stone.

The next day Jack parted from his wife—to meet again weeks later—the far end of the world.

Admiral John's anger did not long survive the parting from his son. When he became convinced of Kitty's happiness—he wrote to Jack begging him to return to Plymouth with his wife as soon as his duty allowed him to do so.

And some three years later Jack and Cecilia went home.

THE END.

Are You Too Busy

to read novels? Very likely. But you can easily find time every day to read an instalment of our new Serial Story. You certainly will find time if you once begin

LOST IN THE WINNING.

She waited for him to speak, but instead of replying he put his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and produced a bundle of letters, from which he selected one, opened, and perused it.

Dolores saw the writing. She started, and her white face flushed scarlet.

"Give that letter to me," she whispered. Vogel folded it up. "What does he want?"

Vogel laughed. "Money! Will you send your husband some?"

She caught her breath sharply.

"Yes—in June, when The Devil has won the Derby."

It was a good finesse; a fair attempt at bluff; but Dolores might have known that no one had ever succeeded in bluffing a Vogel.

He fixed his greedy red eyes on her face, and bent over her until she felt his breath hot on her cheek. She tried to move away, but she was caught—a prisoner. She trembled at his touch; it was like the grip of a repulsive animal.

"Is that the greatest certainty that was ever known, eh?"

"So you told me!"

She knew the game was up, she knew Vogel had heard enough—or too much! Enough to be able to force her to speak, to tell Arthur Merrick's secret; and yet she still fought to escape, still tried to throw dust in Vogel's eyes.

"It's no use beating about the bush, Mrs. Hilary," Vogel said curtly. "Better come down to business."

"Hush," she cried, starting at the name he spoke. "Someone may overhear; there may be others who listen!"

"Then don't waste time! I heard so much, I guess so much more; put the puzzle together for me!"

He rattled the pages of the foreign sheets of the letter together warningly.

Dolores St. Merton looked at him, looked him squarely in the face for a moment—a moment only.

She knew that she was beaten; she knew that she would have to sell Arthur Merrick's secret.

Vogel was merciless—and she was in his power. She had told many secrets of many men before, and had not cared. It had all been in the game of life that society—a sort—plays to-day: a human game of chess where certain moves are always made, and often win. Those men had been merely pawns, and she the queen who took them.

But Arthur Merrick, he was no pawn. Perhaps he was her King, and that was why she fought against losing him, to her opponent.

"I'm waiting," Vogel said.

"The secret," she said bitterly, her words cutting like a whip; "the secret you are so anxious to learn is merely that Mr. Merrick rides King Daffodil in the Derby."

There was still a loophole of escape, she had only given half the information Vogel wanted—the least important half, too.

But though Vogel was not a lady's man, though he only regarded women from one point of view—his only one—the financial, looking on them as silken cheques that might be cashed at the bank of passion, and turned into crisp bank notes—yet he read them very cunningly and truly.

"So Merrick rides King Daffodil, and King Daffodil is the greatest certainty that was ever known, eh?" He spoke rapidly, viciously. His face, his voice, his whole expression had undergone a sudden and terrible change.

His red eyes grew bloodshot, the thick lips of his coarse mouth protruded, his thin cheeks grew ashen, he was like a bird of prey swooping down on his victim, fearful of losing it.

Dolores St. Merton bowed her head.

"Yes."

"You thought that you'd profit by this secret and leave me out in the cold, eh?" Vogel continued viciously. "And I had backed my horse to win you a couple of thousand—I who've been keeping your precious husband in funds the other side of the world so that he shouldn't worry you. I'm glad to know how you express your gratitude."

"But for you I should never have married Horace Hilary!"

"But for my money you'd be living with him now, living in shame and squalor—a dog's life!" he cried. "Now tell me everything; how have Marv and Co. arrived at this certainty, eh? I'll have to be a cast-iron certainty to beat The Devil! Tell me, and be careful to remember every detail."

Dolores told him—everything: the trial of King Daffodil with Pretty Mary; the weights, the narrow victory of the latter, and Marv's belief in "the certainty." And Mr. Merrick says that Marv never makes mistakes," she added. "Now I have told you everything, every little thing the boy confided to me. Now, please let me go."

Vogel smiled evilly.

"No, I can't spare you yet," he hissed. "You seem to take the news very quietly, Mrs. Hilary!" The words fell jerkily from his mouth, his passion almost throttled him. "Do you know what this means to me?" he continued, with difficulty restraining his voice from rising to a shriek.

"Now that you know you can profit by the knowledge," she replied coldly, though her cheeks were on fire. Tears stood in her eyes. Vogel saw them.

(Continued on page 13.)

WHITLOCK'S BARGAINS

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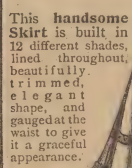
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WHITLOCK'S

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VEGETARIAN DISHES MADE OF MACARONI IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

MENUS WITHOUT MEAT.

THE BRIDE IN THE KITCHEN LEARNS TO COOK SPAGHETTI.

Does your husband ever suddenly develop dietary fads, I wonder? If so, you will, I feel sure, sympathise with me when I tell you that for a troublesome, though luckily brief period, mine, after falling under the pernicious influence of a vegetarian fanatic, declared our moral and physical well-being was in jeopardy, so paid the butcher's bill up to date and forbade him the house!

We had some tragic hours at first. The servants "struck," and finally, for peace, my husband consented to their having animal food, but we, that is, my husband and myself, persevered, in spite of occasional digestive derangements arising from such a change in diet, in out vegetarian course.

Well, "every cloud has a silver lining," and if it did nothing else, our experiments showed us the delicious possibilities of garden produce, eggs, cheese, cereals, and so forth. Never again shall we be contented with the orthodox boiled potatoes and greens which appear on the British dinner table with such lamentable regularity, although we have admitted meat again to our menus.

Equal to Beef or Mutton.

Reading that Sir Henry Thompson regarded "macaroni as not less valuable for flesh-making purposes than beef or mutton," my husband insisted on its being a frequent item on our menu and I am now convinced we greatly under-value it.

We English cook it badly, that is the truth. I had to learn three chief rules:—(1) Never soak it. (2) Never put it on to cook in cold liquids. (3) Avoid overcooking it. I always bought the best quality from a first-rate Italian warehouse, and varied it sometimes by using "ribbon macaroni," spaghetti, or vermicelli. Neapolitan macaroni is considered by all to be superior to that made in Genoa.

To drain it well after cooking is essential, and a native of the sunny South would consider that to touch it with a steel knife when eating it, instead of merely a fork, would spoil the delicacy of its flavour.

MACARONI, VERONA STYLE.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces macaroni, four tablespoonful of tomato pulp, four ounces smoked sausage, two ounces grated Parmesan cheese, teaspoon good olive oil, pepper, salt, nutmeg.

Break the macaroni in short lengths. Throw it into plenty of fast boiling water with salt. Boil it till it is about three parts cooked. Well drain off the water.

Put it in layers with the thinly-sliced sausage in a fireproof dish. With each layer add seasoning, some stock, and tomato pulp. When the dish is full sprinkle the surface thickly with the cheese. Finish cooking it for about twenty minutes. Let the top be well browned. Serve it in the dish. Leave out the sausage if it is to be a vegetarian dish.

MACARONI A LA MANTUA.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of cooked macaroni, two pounds of spinach, three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, one gill of brown sauce, two hard-boiled eggs, one ounce of butter, salt, pepper, brown bread and butter.

Boil the spinach as usual, and rub it through a hair sieve. It should be a dry, instead of a very moist puree, so note that it be well pressed. Then mix it with the sauce, and season it. Thickly

butter a deep fireproof dish, put in a layer of macaroni, next some spinach, then slices of egg, and a good sprinkle of cheese and seasoning. Continue this till the dish is full. Let the last layer be one of cheese. Put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake it all till it is well browned in a sharp oven. Serve it at once in the dish with rolls of thin brown bread and butter.

MACARONI A LA CREME.

INGREDIENTS.—Eight ounces of cooked macaroni, three ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, a gill of cream, salt, pepper, slices of hot-buttered toast.

Melt the butter in a stewpan. Add the cheese and cream and make them hot. Put in the well-drained macaroni cut in short lengths. Stir these over a low fire till the cheese, etc., forms threads with the macaroni. Season it well. Divide the mixture on to neat rounds of hot buttered toast and serve them at once.

SPAGHETTI CROQUETTES.

INGREDIENTS.—Six ounces of spaghetti, two raw beaten eggs, one gill of white sauce or one gill of tomato pulp, half a teaspoon chopped shallot, two teaspoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper, egg, crumbs, frying fat.

Boil the spaghetti till it is soft, but not pulpy. Well drain it. Put it back in the pan with the tomato pulp or sauce and the two raw eggs, parsley, and onion. Season it well, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is very hot, but not boiling. Spread it smoothly and evenly on a plate, and let it grow cold. Shape it into small balls or cylinder shapes, roll each in crumbs, then brush them over with beaten egg, and roll again in crumbs. Fry them in clean, hot fat till a golden colour, and serve hot.



A smart black satin coat, with an embroidered white lawn collar.

MARRIAGES IN MAY.

JUNE THE FAVOURITE MARRIAGE MONTH.

June is the favourite month for marriages the world over. In Scotland, for instance, one hundred and seventy-five out of a thousand marriages take place in June, while in Sweden the proportion is one hundred and fifty.

May is in England not at all a favourite marriage month, which is why Easter week is this year so crowded with weddings. But in Holland May is the favourite month, and in Italy Febru-



This useful hat is made of rough rose-petal-pink straw, trimmed with roses and two claret-coloured wings.

ary, which includes the period preceding the beginning of Lent, is popular.

In Germany April, regarded as the first of the spring months, is the favourite one for marriages; in Greece October is the first choice; and in Russia January is the favourite marriage month.

Many different surmises have attempted to account for the fact that in England May marriages are unlucky, and the most reasonable one seems to be that it is the month dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and that for that reason marriages during it were not favoured long ago.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Lying is a certain mark of cowardice.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least.

King Daffodil. I daresay I can win you another couple of thousand."

"Not for a million," Dolores cried impulsively, raising her head. "I said you couldn't buy honour, and you cannot! Not even you!" "Oh, you love him as much as that? Wonderful!" He rose, and spread open the letter he still held in his hand, the letter from Horace Hilary.

"Well, I must answer your husband's letter; he is anxious to return home, very anxious. He still loves you. He says you haunt him in his dreams—after a heavy bout of drinking, I daresay—and he is absolutely penniless again. What answer shall I give him? Shall I tell him you will be glad to welcome him, glad to live with him and introduce him to your friends, and sell your jewels to satisfy his unfortunate thirst? Shall I tell him that, eh?"

Dolores rose to her feet and stood facing Vogel, swaying slightly to and fro. All the colour had left her face now—even her lips were ashen.

"You devil!" she hissed under her breath.

"The devil wins," he chuckled, "eh?"

Across the palmery a figure loomed into view, a slim boyish figure—Arthur Merrick.

"Well, what answer am I to give your husband?" Vogel again cried, raising his voice.

Dolores looked at Arthur Merrick as he came towards them; then she looked at Vogel.

"Tell him to stay," she whispered. "I will do what you ask."

Vogel smiled and nodded his head.

"The Devil wins," he chuckled, as he moved away. "The devil always wins!"

Always?

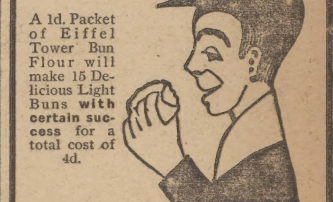
(To be continued.)

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1 EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE 2 GALLONS FOR 4 1/2

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Read what Mrs. CALLAN, 1, Marlborough Avenue, Hull, says about her Successful Bun Making.

"Thank you very much indeed for the packet of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour. In ten minutes I made and baked eighteen delicious buns. Please send name and address of nearest agent, as I want some more."

Vanilla, Almond, and Lemon Flavours.

Ask your Grocer for

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

Sold by all Grocers and Corn Merchants.



Eiffel Tower Lemon Table Jelly is more refreshing and delicious in flavour, firmer, and more transparent than any other brand. To secure a lemon jelly that is full of the natural fruit you must insist upon having Eiffel Tower Lemon Jelly. Pint packet, 3s. 6d.

NONE "JUST AS GOOD."

THESE JELLIES ALWAYS SET.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

and for a minute his mood changed, and he chuckled brutally.

"I see, you're falling in love yourself, in love with the pale youth Merrick, an amateur jockey! Be careful, my dear lady! Now, look here," he cried, his voice changing again. "King Daffodil shall not win the Derby."

"Shall not? He will!"

"He will not!" Vogel trembled with passion. "I tell you he shall not," he repeated. "I have set my heart on winning the Derby. I paid fifteen thousand for The Devil as a two-year-old; I've backed him for ten thousand to win me a hundred thousand—"

"Two thousand for me," Dolores interrupted scornfully. "You are generous!"

"Do you think I am going to lose that! I have told everyone that the Derby is mine this year, and everyone believes me. I have never failed in anything I have undertaken; do you think I'll fail in this? Do you think I'm going to let £100,000 slip through my fingers?"

"Money is not a matter to you!"

Vogel caught his breath sharply.

"Money is everything, my very life," he whispered. "I've never been beaten," he cried, raising his voice. "I never will be beaten. When I win the Derby society will flock to congratulate me; every house will open its doors to me. I've wealth enough to buy anyone or anything!"

"You can't buy King Daffodil, you can't buy Arthur Merrick! You can't buy honour—not with all your heap of gold."

He gripped her arm in a vice, and put his face close to hers, as he whispered into her ear:—

"I can! And you, you dear lady shall do it for me." He chuckled gleefully. "Gold can't buy honour, you say, eh? Gold buys a woman, and a woman can steal a man's heart and his honour at the same time."

"You'll enjoy the job; sport for you—especially as you're half in love with him already. Win him, dear lady! Make him yours, body and soul; let him dance to the music of your fascinating voice; let him bask in the sun of your dangerous eyes. He shall be yours. I'll give him to you—and I'll keep this wretched Mr. Hilary safely in America until he drinks himself to death and sets you free!"

"What do you mean? What do you want me to do?" she asked in a terrified whisper, shrinking away from Vogel, cowed.

"I only want you to play the game, the little game of love. And when Arthur Merrick is at your feet, when he implores you to become his wife, tell him you will—if King Daffodil doesn't win the Derby! That is all, dear lady. Quite simple and charming."

Dolores St. Merton hid her face in her hands.

"It is vile, horrible! I can't do it; I won't do it."

Vogel shrugged his shoulders.

"It is so simple—a bucket of water just before they start, an accident in the horse's box, or at exercise, something happens during the race at Tattenham Corner—so simple, no danger! And The Devil will go back in price when they back

SPLENDID SPORT AND HUGE FIELDS.

Ravilious Wins the Esher Stakes
for Mr. J. B. Joel at
Sandown Park.

IMPERIAL II. AGAIN FAILS.

It was a pleasure to be racing in fine weather at Sandown Park after the rain and discomforts of Epsom. There was capital sport, and the Esher Stakes led to the victory of Ravilious for Mr. J. B. Joel. The horse scored twice within twenty-four hours, and there is no doubt he has considerably improved, and will be heard of again as a winner.

Pradella won in such style at Newmarket that, despite the penalty incurred there, the public now looked to her support. But, this time, she was badly unaccountably so, and figured in the rear throughout. This race of 1,000 sovs. was run over the new mile and half course starting on a new curve almost opposite the members' enclosure. The width of the track at the starting-gate is narrow, and the bend immediately afterwards is not at all desirable.

There was scarcely room for the seventeen competitors, and D'Orsay involved all in danger. The Epsom people backed Wild Alarm down to short prices, and they must have seen with great concern how D'Orsay badly kicked the horse and cut him deeply on the leg. This mishap seriously affected Wild Alarm, and he could not raise a gallop. L'Aiglon, expected to repeat last year's victory, behaved very badly, and, indeed, for a great part of the journey played a leading part.

L'Aiglon looked trim, and Maher evidently had orders to keep the pace. But, when the barrier was raised, he rushed the top-weight to the front from Mountain Rose, Rydal Head, and Ravilious, and, hugging the rail, he came to a sudden stop. The bottom-tum was now been barked so that horses can get round at speed with greater safety. The weight he had to carry, and the fact that he was a first-year colt, coming to the front in the last furlong, readily disposed of Broke and Rydal Head.

D'Orsay ran well, and, although shown, so his form compared favourably with that fourth by Pradella. L'Aiglon was eased when victory became impossible. Ravilious, coming to the front in the last furlong, readily disposed of Broke and Rydal Head.

Mr. George Thursty brought out a very strong order in favour of the juvenile Plate, a race run over four furlongs, and finishing at a new winning post. The straight course opposite the stands. The Folkestone failure, King Bee, now that the going was better and his form had been opened, was not equally good. He was well backed. He stuck to the favourite most tenaciously, seemed going stronger towards the close, and was only beaten by a head. Mr. Maher did not equally good, huck riding in Hecuba colt in the Cobham Plate, as the advantage secured by Signet, who got away clear on the rails at the start, could not be down in a four-furlong dash, and the Hecuba youngster was beaten by a neck.

Several of the juveniles were unruly at the gate, notably Lally, who, however, ran well and forced both first and second to their stoutest efforts. Signet was very fractious, and, like the favourite Medelstone, never got on fighting terms with the leaders. It was certainly a lucky win for Signet, but the owner, Mr. J. Wallace, is one of the most popular men on the turf, and he deserves better fortune than his trainer, W. Jarvis. There were nearly 7,000 of runners, and, indeed, the fields averaged over fourteen for all six races.

Some of the smartest sprinters in training were included among the seventeen seen out in the Princess of Wales's Handicap, a race worth 800 sovs. Imperial II., who was regarded as the favourite, was well backed at 8's, and others that came to the front were the Great Surrey Handicap winner, Pansy Masters, Heltor, Bickler, Semite, Bickler, and Maher. The race was productive of a great surprise, and an agreeable one to the fielders, as, although Early Bird was out with a commanding lead, he was beaten by a head. Maher came with a great rush on Cape Verde, but, after a long fight, he was beaten by a head. Early Bird being third, and Semite fourth. The winner, Pansy Masters, was sold for 100 to 8, and was bought by his present owner, Sir Ernest Cassel, for 600 guineas, after beating Persius, Zenana colt, and sixteen others at Newmarket last back-end.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- SANDOWN PARK.**
2.30.—Sandown Plate—BRAW LASS FILLY.
3.30.—Sandown Plate—LORD HASTINGS.
4.00.—Claygate Plate—GILBERT ORME.
4.30.—Twickenham Handicap—QUICK.
4.30.—Guildford Handicap—STEPHANAS.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

GEMMA. GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

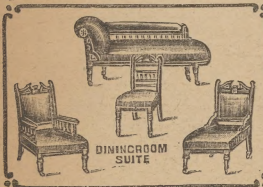
- SANDOWN PARK.—THURSDAY.**
2.0.—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. for two-year-olds. Four furlongs. 11lb. Owner 1. Mr. G. Thursty's M. J. J. 2.10. 10 to 12. 3.10. 10 to 12. 4.10. 10 to 12. 5.10. 10 to 12. 6.10. 10 to 12. 7.10. 10 to 12. 8.10. 10 to 12. 9.10. 10 to 12. 10.10. 10 to 12. 11.10. 10 to 12. 12.10. 10 to 12. 13.10. 10 to 12. 14.10. 10 to 12. 15.10. 10 to 12. 16.10. 10 to 12. 17.10. 10 to 12. 18.10. 10 to 12. 19.10. 10 to 12. 20.10. 10 to 12. 21.10. 10 to 12. 22.10. 10 to 12. 23.10. 10 to 12. 24.10. 10 to 12. 25.10. 10 to 12. 26.10. 10 to 12. 27.10. 10 to 12. 28.10. 10 to 12. 29.10. 10 to 12. 30.10. 10 to 12. 31.10. 10 to 12. 32.10. 10 to 12. 33.10. 10 to 12. 34.10. 10 to 12. 35.10. 10 to 12. 36.10. 10 to 12. 37.10. 10 to 12. 38.10. 10 to 12. 39.10. 10 to 12. 40.10. 10 to 12. 41.10. 10 to 12. 42.10. 10 to 12. 43.10. 10 to 12. 44.10. 10 to 12. 45.10. 10 to 12. 46.10. 10 to 12. 47.10. 10 to 12. 48.10. 10 to 12. 49.10. 10 to 12. 50.10. 10 to 12. 51.10. 10 to 12. 52.10. 10 to 12. 53.10. 10 to 12. 54.10. 10 to 12. 55.10. 10 to 12. 56.10. 10 to 12. 57.10. 10 to 12. 58.10. 10 to 12. 59.10. 10 to 12. 60.10. 10 to 12. 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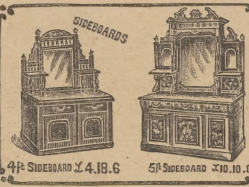
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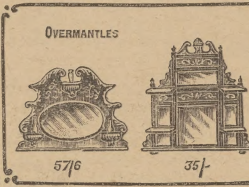
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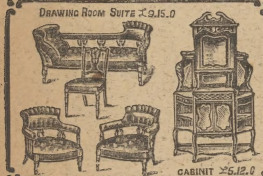
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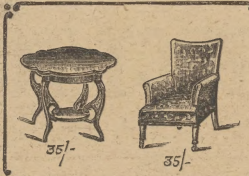
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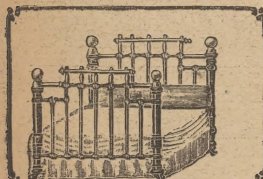
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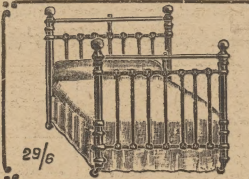
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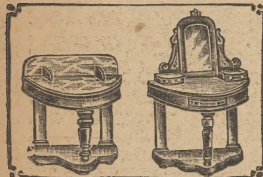
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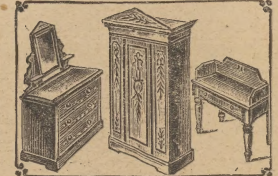
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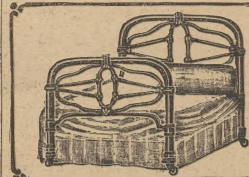
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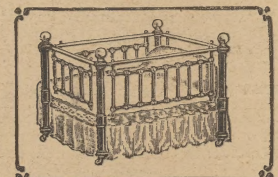
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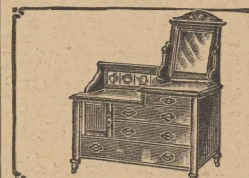
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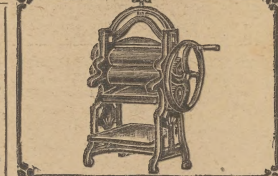
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